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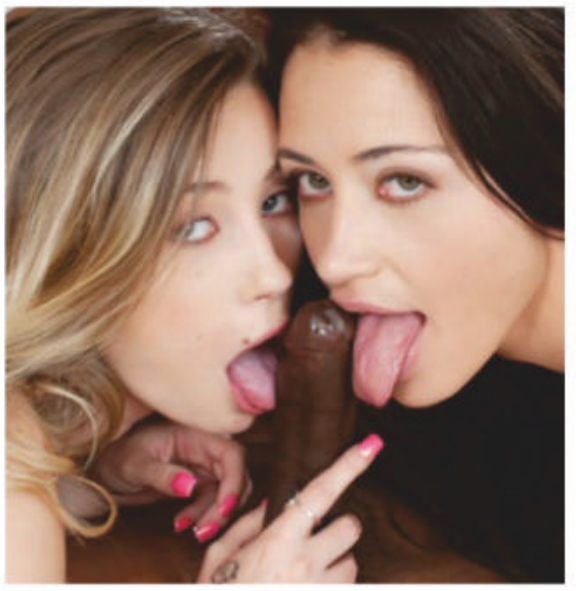

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Get ready to fall into an erotic wonderland!

SECRET hookups, passionate threeways and unholy orgies are just some of the debauched delights that await you in this issue of *Penthouse Letters*!

Though summer flings may be fading into cherished memories, autumn offers a chance to outdo last season's sizzle! And with a dirty masquerade ball in Maiden Voyages and the costumed carnality in Fiona Fox's Sinfully Sexy, we've got the party well underway!

For those who like to share, this edition's Spotlight shines on a couple who breaks the bonds of matrimony to enjoy a torrid triple play, while My Most Unforgettable Lay presents three outrageous interludes that push erotic boundaries.

And if you're looking for a taste of something different, we have a trio of oral adventures to whet your appetite in Suck a What? and a woman who lets her slip of the tongue lead to another in True Confessions.

Have you had a sexual encounter that's too good to keep to yourself? Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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Voyages

Extra Credit

Somehow I managed to stay a virgin through my first semester of college, and I'm not sure how. I mean, I have some idea—the guys I'd met were awful. But I'm still amazed I didn't let one of the trumpet players from school score with me during our marching band road trips. I played the clarinet, but I don't want you to imagine me as the stereotypical marching band nerd with headgear and a complete lack of social skills. I'm cute and put-together, and I enjoy partying, dancing, and making out with random guys. I did all of that during my first semester at college for sure. But then the second semester rolled around, and I met the hottest man ever to exist. Well, at least to me.

He was my professor, of course.

James taught one of the required General Education classes, a seminar about European literature. Imagine my surprise when I walked into the classroom and realized our professor—assistant professor, non-tenure track, to be specific—was about 30 years old and smoking hot.

By smoking hot I mean extremely hot to me and potentially me alone. He was tall and wiry, with an excited demeanor and an adorable habit of talking with his hands. The thing that killed me, though, was how he dressed. He wore everything you might imagine a stodgy professor would: sweater vests, khakis and those old-fashioned blazers with suede patches on the elbows. I didn't even realize that look was a fetish of mine until I found myself ogling him in argyle. But once I realized I was into the professorial look, I was gone.

Question: What does a horny coed do when she has the hots for her professor?

Answer: She goes to office hours.

So I did, carting my copy of "A Hero of Our Time" with me. To be honest, I didn't really have any questions about the book. I just asked James to recommend other books with morally corrupt main characters, while I batted my eyelashes at him.

Maybe I should also mention I have big breasts, and I wore a shirt unbuttoned one button too far along with a plaid miniskirt that showed off my shapely legs. My hemline was dangerously high, and it was obvious to me he noticed. His eyes nervously checked out my bare thighs before he quickly brought his gaze back to my face, looking flushed.

As we talked about literature, a sensual tension slowly built between us. His eyes kept flicking down to my cleavage as I admired his sweater vest. When I crossed my legs, I saw him again sneak a peek at my upper thighs.

It was the successful beginning of my campaign to get laid—finally.

I attended his office hours almost every week. We talked about the books the class was reading for the course, but eventually we started talking about everything else. His tenure ambitions. My frustration with how much pressure the marching band put on my schedule. How much he liked coffee. My favorite places for vacation.

I was patient.

I felt like a spider luring some unsuspecting victim into my web. My virginity was of no use to me, and I desperately wanted to give it to someone worthy. James was the odd dreamboat professor of my fantasies, and I was sure from the way he looked at me that he'd thought about screwing me.

Things eventually came to a head just after midterms.

I'd aced the test, but I went to his office anyway—after his official hours—to plead my case. I wore the same naughty-schoolgirl outfit I'd worn on my first visit.

His eyes widened when he saw me walk through the door, and then his gaze flicked to the hem of my tiny miniskirt.

"What can I help you with today?" he asked cheerfully as I took a seat across from him.

I put on my best pout and said, "I just got my grade, and I'm not satisfied."

He looked completely confused and replied, "You got a 100. What do you mean?"

"I mean," I said, uncrossing my legs and leaving them just open enough for him to think about what was between my thighs, "I want to know if there's anything I can do to improve my score."

Bless him, he was dense. James fidgeted in his chair, clutching his pen so tightly it looked like he might snap it in half.

"But how do you improve a perfect score?" he asked incredulously.

This was it. My moment had arrived. I stood and planted my hands on his desk, leaning over enough for him to get an eyeful of my generous tits.

"I'm not sure," I said. "But I'd really like to try."

He sucked in a sudden breath, and I knew he'd finally understood what I was offering. He looked a little sweet and helpless, staring at my cleavage and clearly debating in his head if screwing me was a risk he was willing to take.

Apparently, it was.

"I can think of one way to earn some extra credit," he said, nearly choking on the words.

I had him. The fly was in my web.

I crossed around to the other side of his desk, shimmying between him and the pile of papers he'd been neglecting since my arrival. I hopped on his desk and let my thighs fall open again.

"When I crossed my legs, I saw him again sneak a peek at my upper thighs."

"Well, then," I said, "please enlighten me."

The wonderful thing about men who look nerdy is that you never really know what you're going to get. Sure, some of them are actually dweebs who wouldn't know where to go if you drew them a map. But perhaps just as often their geeky looks and mild manner cause the unaware to underestimate their actual prowess. Once James realized where my train was heading, he climbed right aboard.

He gripped my thighs and pushed my legs further apart. I hadn't worn panties, and my skirt rode up to reveal my recently waxed pussy. He slid his hand up until his thumb met my cunt and began tracing over my clitoris with light strokes.

I moaned to encourage him and was gratified when he rubbed me harder. I was already wet before he touched me, just from thinking about what might happen between us. But his firm touch heightened my arousal even more. Soon, he was rubbing my clit with one hand and fingering my hole with the other.

"You're a very bad girl," he said, his voice breathy and deep.

"I know," I said, rocking my hips to force his finger in and out of me at a more pleasing pace. "I'm incredibly naughty."

Then James shoved my skirt even higher, rolled his chair closer to the desk and dove between my thighs. I sighed loudly as his lips landed on my cunt.

He was aggressive, licking me all over before focusing on my clitoris. I gasped and gripped his hair, tugging him tighter against me. I'd done this a few times with random hookups, but those had been college boys. James was a man who knew what he was doing. He ate me out enthusiastically, adjusting his technique when my moans and twitches told him he'd done something extra good.

"You've been tormenting me all semester," he said, looking up from between my thighs. "Was that on purpose?"

"Of course," I said, rocking my hips again to encourage him to continue.

He laughed and returned to his work, slipping two fingers into my cunt while he tongued my swollen nub. I writhed wildly, desperate for the building tension inside me to explode into the climax I'd been craving.

James curled his fingers inside me, hitting my G-spot just right. Overwhelmed by the feelings he was causing, I came hard, snapping my thighs around my professor's ears as I squirmed on his desk. Piles of paper crashed to the floor, but he licked me until the orgasm subsided.

Then he stood from his chair and stepped between my thighs. Much to my delight, he was still fully clothed in a sweater vest and khakis, though his lips and chin were glistening. He had a fiery look in his eyes that thrilled me, and his erection strained against his pants. He unfastened his belt, tossing it aside before unzipping his fly and letting his khakis and underwear drop to the floor.

Damn, he had a good-looking cock. I'd previously seen a few in real life—just not one I really wanted to jump on. But James was surprisingly big for a man who looked so dweeby, and I wanted him between my thighs, jamming that beautiful dick into my hole.

Maybe it was bad of me, but I didn't tell him I was a virgin. Lots of men act weird when they find out—they either fetishize it or refuse to sleep with you. So when he grabbed a condom from his wallet and slid it on, I just spread my legs wider for him and kept my secret.

Staring into my eyes, James started working that monster cock inside me. It wasn't the most comfortable moment, but I'd just come super-hard, so I was as wet and relaxed as I would ever be. I rubbed my clitoris while he advanced, using those extra waves of pleasure to make myself even wetter. Soon, he was buried balls-deep and I could feel my pussy quivering around him.

"Is that good?" he asked, and I nodded, having troubling finding the words to describe what I was feeling.

That's also when I realized we hadn't even kissed yet, so I leaned in and sucked on his lower lip. He responded passionately, slipping his tongue into my mouth. He was an excellent kisser.

"It's great," I murmured against his lips, having finally found my voice. "But I'm still worried about my grade."

James wrapped one arm around my lower back to steady me and braced his other hand on the desk, and then he started fucking me. And I mean fucking. His hips worked rhythmically, rocketing his cock in and out of me with deep, hard strokes. He kept the pace relatively slow, but it was still overwhelming for this first-timer. I'd never done this before, and the sensations were unreal. A little pain, but a lot more pleasure. I felt crammed full, and somehow I'd never guessed my cunt would feel so impossibly tight when a man finally screwed me.

I tipped my head back, staring up at the ceiling while he thrust into me with deep, even strokes. Even with the edge of pain—which was beginning to fade—I was immediately obsessed with how the act felt. I wrapped my legs around his waist and bucked against him, trying to chase the orgasm that was fast approaching.

James reached between us and rubbed my clit, and that did it. I came with a moan and a sense of triumph. After long wanting a lover and not having him, that climax was exactly what I needed.

My professor started pounding me hard, making his desk rattle and his phone tumble to the floor. Soon, he was groaning and shaking as he came.

"You're a great student," he said after a few minutes had passed with us doing nothing but gasping for breath. "A-plus, I'd say. You've more than earned that extra credit."

I grinned at him, knowing I could have him whenever I wanted as I suggested, "Maybe we should schedule some special tutoring sessions."

–P.T., New York, N.Y.

Masked Lothario

Recently I attended a masquerade ball to benefit the foundation where I work. Although philanthropy was the event's focus, our team always picks an exciting theme to keep our donors happy and—most importantly—generous. Everyone gets really into their costumes because the event takes place near Halloween. To keep the illusion of anonymity alive, employees were encouraged not to identify themselves. We were to blend with the guests, making certain our donors had the best experience possible.

When I spied one of our benefactors off to the side looking as if he was brooding, I immediately stepped in to see how I could improve his evening. I didn't know his name. Everyone present was a VIP. It was my job to make certain they all felt like the most important person in the room.

Our gloomy guest perked up as I approached. The preoccupied haze lifted from his gaze, leaving a hot spark of sensuality in its place. Even with a black silk mask obscuring his features, I could still detect a glimmer of attraction shining back at me, and that fired me up inside.

Emboldened by the knowledge that our identities would remain secret, I saw no harm in engaging in some flirty banter. It was my job to keep our guests happy, after all.

When the lights dimmed to signal it was time for everyone to find their way to their seats for dinner, my new friend pulled me in the opposite direction. We were both hungry, but not for food.

We ducked into an empty hallway that ran along the back of the ballroom. After trying a couple of doors, we found one that was unlocked. Lucky for us, there happened to be a linen closet on the other side.

My mysterious lothario urged me into the small space, closed the door behind us and switched on the light. He nodded toward a cart full of freshly laundered tablecloths that sat off to the side.

"Sit that sexy ass of yours down and spread your legs for me," he ordered.

His no-nonsense tone spurred me into action right quick. There was no time to consider the crazy turn my evening had taken—that I was about to have sex with a man who I couldn't name, let alone describe. My very first anonymous encounter.

I hopped up onto the pile of white linens and opened my legs as wide as my gown would allow.

"Very nice," he murmured in appreciation. "My evening's improving already."

He shrugged out of his tuxedo jacket and placed it to the side, then he sank to his knees and positioned himself at my feet. My heart kicked into overdrive when he took the hem of my gown in his fist and ducked underneath it. The tight garment didn't provide much room for movement, but he was undaunted in his quest to reach my pussy. I gasped when his fingers swept over my thighs. So close and yet so far from where I really wanted them.

Finally, his fingers skimmed over my hips and gripped my thong's thin elastic waistband. His fingernails grazed my skin as he rolled the underwear down my thighs, causing a collection of goose bumps to rise in its wake.

Once my masked lover got the undergarment down around my ankles, he emerged from under my skirt just long enough to look me in the eye while he stuffed my undies in his back pocket. His mask was still firmly in place. It didn't matter that I couldn't make out the finer details of his features. I could see his lush, Cupid's-bow lips and enticingly wet tongue, which was all that mattered to me.

"Lift your dress."

He hit me with another one of those mega-watt smiles, and I swear, I finally understood what my girlfriends meant when they called a man's appearance panty-melting. He'd barely touched me, yet liquid heat already pooled between my thighs.

Beyond ready to have that delectable

mouth on my pussy, I bunched up as much of the fabric as I could and lifted my dress up past my hips. The satin partially obscured my view, making it difficult to watch when my mystery man buried his face between my thighs.

I may not have been able to see him, but I could feel him. Using his thumbs, he parted my cunt lips and worked his tongue inside me. Then he dragged it over my slick, pink skin, making a slow journey from one hole to the other.

My hips jerked when his bristly five-o'clock shadow tickled the puckered flesh of my asshole. After the initial shock of feeling his rough stubble rub against my tender flesh wore off, I found myself wishing he would do it again.

Worried that opening my mouth to speak would lead to moaning–and that moaning would lead to screaming potentially heard by anyone wandering the hall–I decided to take matters into my own hands and use action to get my point across instead. I raised my hips, tilting my pelvis up to provide the man between my legs with better access to my asshole.

My partner picked up on my not-so-subtle hint right away. He moved his mouth back to my ass, gently grazing the sensitive inside of my crack along the way. The grainy texture of his facial hair stimulated the delicate spot, sending a shiver up my spine.

I lifted my ass just a little bit higher off of the linens, serving myself up to my paramour.

He grunted his approval, sending waves of vibration reverberating through my flesh. Then he slid his hands beneath my cheeks and lifted my ass, bringing it closer to his face. The gesture added a touch of pressure that accentuated the effect of every flick and twitch of his tongue.

The results were explosive. Despite my sex-induced stupor, I managed to have the foresight to grab a napkin off the cart and bite down on it hard. Thank God I did. The fabric helped muffle the cries sparked by my second first-time experience of the evening–an orgasm reached by someone stimulating my asshole.

My lightning-fast release turned my muscles into jelly. I reclined into the linens, allowing us both to sink deeper into a chasm our bodies created in the pile of fabric.

But his finger nudging my backdoor put me on high alert. One very thick, blunt digit circled my asshole, spreading the saliva left behind from the rimjob I'd just received. When I was quivering with desire and anticipation, he pressed his finger firmly against my hole and sank inside.

The moment seemed to happen in slow motion for me. Still delirious from my climax, the feeling of that finger penetrating my back hole so insistently made my pussy flood with excitement. I felt my juices spilling out of my cunt, running down to my asshole in thick, slippery rivulets that aided his effort.

Once my partner's finger was seated comfortably in my ass, he went back to eagerly eating my box. He swiped the flat of his tongue over my clit to get it good and wet, then he blew a puff of air over my pussy, the breeze cooling the dampened skin like a fresh kiss of winter air.

The unexpected chill made me tremble. It didn't matter that a scorching blush bloomed over my limbs, chest and torso–when all of your awareness is centered on your pussy, it's the only part that matters. Fortunately, I didn't remain cold for long. He warmed me right back up by drawing my clit into his mouth and licking it thoroughly.

Sometimes his movements were languid and lazy–a slow series of swirling licks sharpening the edge of my arousal. But when I started to get too comfortable, there was a rapid change of pace. A shower of quick flicks landed on my clit, tapping out a rhythm I could feel in my bones. He followed that with a round of vigorous sucking that had me shaking like a leaf.

It didn't matter that his actions were focused on one tiny part of my body; the effects rippled out far beyond his touch. Tendrils of pleasure unfurled from my core, slithering over my skin until they hit me in my fingers and toes. I was a shivering mess, but I'd never been so sexually excited in my life.

I bit down on the napkin again to suppress the scream that threatened to burst out of me. With great effort, I managed to hold back the sound, but not the gushing orgasm he triggered. Hot juice rushed from my core in an even greater flood than before. I knew I must be soaking the tablecloths tucked underneath me, but I didn't care. My entire existence was reduced to the pleasure swirling through me, which was being caused by a complete stranger.

My masked maestro lapped at my slit, drinking up as much of my juice as he could manage. The moment felt completely dirty and decadent.

"Mmm," he uttered happily, his lips buzzing against my skin one last time before he stood. "Time for the main event," he added with a wink.

He extended his hand, gesturing as though he meant to help me up. But instead, he pulled me close to his chest and quickly spun me around to face the cart. His other hand landed at the small of my back. He stroked a path up my spine until he reached the spot between my shoulder blades.

A quick shove found me facedown on the linen cart. He pulled my gown even higher up over my legs and hips, gathering the material so the bottom of my body remained gloriously bare.

One of his glossy black Oxfords snuck in between my feet to ease them apart and widen the gap between my legs.

"Even with a mask obscuring his features, I could still detect a glimmer of attraction."

The silky head of his unsheathed dick pressed against my vagina, stretching my hole to prepare for his entry. He drove into me so hard and fast that I pitched forward on the stack of linens, nearly breaking our connection. Pushing against the side of the cart fixed that. Now my

partner was free to fuck me with all of his might–and he did.

Things reached a fever pitch when he grabbed my shoulders. His fingers curled into my flesh, holding me steady as he plowed into me so hard and fast his balls smacked my clit and helped push me toward yet another climax.

I soon found myself bucking back against him, wanting to take his dick inside me deeper and harder. My lover understood what I was asking for with my urgent motions and began answering the call of my writhing body. He seemed perfectly in tune with my needs and continued plunging his hard dick in and out of my cunt.

Concentrating on the feeling of his shaft piercing me over and over, I started squeezing my muscles around him in rhythm to our fucking. He groaned loudly, a helpless, reckless sound that made me feel an odd mixture of lust and pride. I continued massaging his cock with my pussy muscles, urging him toward his climax.

We both reached our peaks seconds apart and dissolved into a panting pile of limbs. Even though I knew it would be wiser to stay silent, I could not. My pleasure was too great and I shouted out my orgasmic joy, not caring who might overhear my cries.

Without a doubt, that climactic moment was the loudest of all of my orgasms that evening. Even with the napkin clenched between my teeth, I still drowned out my lover's groans with my own ecstatic cries.

After the last of the tremors faded, we parted and started tidying our appearances. I shimmied my gown back into place and smoothed my hair, erasing any physical evidence of our liaison. But I felt like molten gold deep inside, shimmering and radiant.

Once we decided we could pass muster, the two of us snuck out into the hall, one at a time. Confident that we'd gotten away with enjoying a quick fuck during dinner, I returned to work with a smile on my face and absolutely no clue whose dick had been inside me.

To this day, I still don't know, and that's why thinking about that evening gives me such a thrill. It's a first time I'll never forget.

–J.P., Key West, Fla.

Ice Princess

My colleagues at our law firm have been known to call me the Ice Princess. I admit I'm your average, driven, overachieving, professional woman, but I do have a sensuous side. But that part of me has no place at work, especially when my job performance depends on me being as hard as nails.

Still, despite my personal hedonistic nature, I'd never had a massage before my memorable autumn vacation at the Jersey Shore, and what a rubdown it was!

My friend Joan had prepared her guest room for me and told me to enjoy the house, including the huge tub in her bathroom with its whirlpool jets. I was just to relax and take it easy during my getaway.

On my first night, soothed by the bubbling water and lulled by the ocean air, I slept like a log. In the morning, though, I was sore and stiff, as though my tense back had unwound just enough for me to realize it hurt.

Joan sympathized, and said she knew an excellent masseur in town, a young man to whom she frequently went. I let her call him and make the arrangements, faintly registering the closing remarks she made on the phone: "I want this to be extra special," she said. "Celia has never had a massage before."

Joan all but led me by the hand to a neat frame house that was the sight of a nail salon and body waxing establishment, which also contained the masseur's office. In the cheerfully decorated reception area she introduced me to Ted, a tall blond young man with an engaging smile and beautiful hands. He was quite a piece of eye candy, and I found myself lusting after him.

Saying she'd see me later, Joan winked knowingly and left me to follow Ted into another room.

The area was dimly lit and very private, with light classical music playing softly in the background. Ted asked me a few questions about my work and what hurt and so forth, and left me to undress and lie facedown on the table under a pastel patterned sheet. When he returned, his strong hands traced the tight muscles of my back, finding the knots and smoothing herbal-scented oil over my skin. His hands felt awfully good, even when his thumbs probed deep into the sore places. Soon I was floating, warmed by the heated table and soothed by Ted's caresses.

Not just soothed, though—I was definitely responding to the touch of this handsome young man. A spreading heat was building up in my abdomen, and by the time he had me turn over onto my back, I was pretty sure I had figured out exactly what Joan had meant on the telephone. So far Ted hadn't made any overtly sexual moves. I wondered if he was waiting for me to give him the go-ahead. His fingers stroked my jaw and gently worked their way up to my temples.

"How are you feeling?" he asked, looking into my eyes.

He was attractive even upside down, and I responded with a lazy grin.

"You've got great hands," I told him. "Don't stop now."

He got the message, I thought, as his hands slipped down my throat and kneaded their way past my collarbone. Ted worked around each breast, loosening the tightness in my ribs I'd never known was there. Then softly he held each breast, caressing it with circular strokes, rolling my nipples between his fingers. I gave up all pretense of nonchalance and rolled my head back and moaned softly.

Ted moved around to my side, his hands back in professional mode as he stroked my abdomen. Thank heavens for old-fashioned sit-ups–I might have been tense, but I wasn't flabby. The sexual intent came back into his touch as his thumbs traced my hipbone and his hands parted my thighs. He leaned down and breathed into the curls above my cunt, and I felt a wave of pleasure wash over me. But his mouth did not linger, and his hands worked down the front of my thighs, still loosening my muscles and probing as they went.

"I was unprepared, and I gasped and sobbed my way through the climax of a lifetime."

Finally, with a feather-light touch, he caressed the insides of my thighs with the backs of his fingers, parting the lips of my cunt delicately with his thumbs. I shivered as the cool air touched the most tender part of me and again as his warm mouth settled between my labia. His tongue was as sure a diagnostician as his hands had been, and he found exactly the right folds around my clitoris to tease. He slowly and carefully built my erotic response. Somehow he managed to focus all the inevitable and delicious tension on that one heated spot, leaving the rest of me limp with the relaxation his hands had imparted.

I usually know when I'm about to come, clutching the sheets and tensing my legs. But during that episode, my orgasm wasn't like that at all. I was almost delirious with the concentrated pleasure of his roving tongue, completely lost within the moment. When the unexpected tidal wave swept me away, I was completely unprepared and I gasped and sobbed my way through the climax of a lifetime.

I felt exhausted and limp, but also exhilarated, like I could take on the world.

Afterward, I cheekily asked Ted whether he made a habit of giving all of his female customers such extra-special treatment. He told me he and Joan had been lovers for a year or so and she'd thought this scenario up at Christmas when she had invited me to come down for the week. I laughed at that, because Joan had mother-henned me ever since college about my type-A work habits.

Turns out she knew what I needed all along.

Before I left, I kissed Ted's cheek and said, "Now that we've been introduced, I guess I'll be seeing you around?"

And throughout my stay I did, with Joan's permission and encouragement. He was a very entertaining young man. My friend has excellent taste.

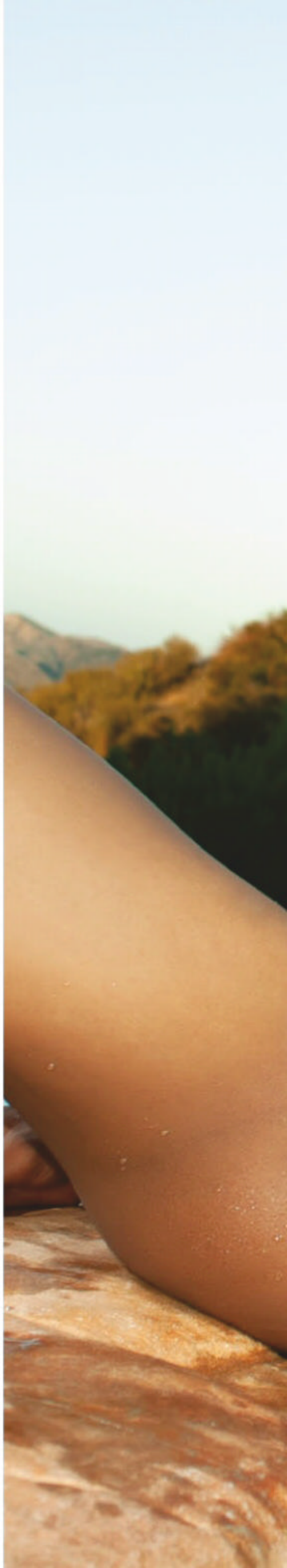
When I finally returned to the firm, my coworkers commented on how relaxed I looked after my vacation. All I could do was grin from ear to ear. They'd never believe how the Ice Princess was finally melted.

–C.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

Some say the first time is the greatest—until you have the chance to do it all again. But some virgin sexcapades are so memorable they deserve to be shared, so tell us about yours! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

A Shore Thing

NAUGHTY NIA DOES WHAT COMES NATURALLY.



“TOMMY UNLEASHES MY WILD SIDE!”

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One-Track Mind

I elbowed Trina, then nodded down the crowded subway car at the guy who'd just boarded. He was outrageously handsome.

"Look at that dude," I whispered urgently to Trina.

I watched her eyes pop as she spotted him. Trina was the mirror image of me—long hair, pretty face, perky tits. We were best friends who often liked to one-up each other.

"Oooh," she said. "I would let him do *nasty* things to me."

"I would *do* nasty things to him," I countered.

Trina grinned. It was on.

"I would jam my pussy on his mouth and ride him until I came," she said.

"I would dress in lingerie just so he could tear it all off me."

"I would suck the sweat off his balls."

"I would eat out his ass!"

We were huddled together, still whispering, but a few of the nearest passengers overheard bits of what we were saying. In the end we broke down into giggles.

But the nasty talk had gotten me riled up. There was a tingle crawling over my flesh.

Down at the other end of the swaying car, the hottie had taken a seat and was looking at his phone. He had no idea two women had just been discussing how they wanted to pleasantly defile him.

I'd meant everything I'd said. Trina did, too. We were both into some wild stuff.

A crazy idea bloomed in my mind as the train rattled on through a tunnel.

Leaning in again, I said, "I'm going to go over there, and blow that guy."

Trina looked back at me for a long moment. I hadn't spoken in a playful tone.

"You're serious?"

"I am."

The car pulled into a station and about half the passengers got out. But there were still plenty of people onboard.

Trina looked at the hottie, looked at me and bit her lip.

"Good luck!" she whispered with her eyes wide and cheeks flushed. She was obviously turned on, too.

I felt her eyes on me as I made my

way along the train car. It rocked on its tracks, making a steady clatter. The riders mostly had that zombified look of regular commuters, ones who'd taken this same ride so many times they were barely aware of their surroundings.

The hottie was sitting on the aisle, and the window seat beside him was now empty.

"Excuse me," I said.

He looked up from his phone, caught my eyes a moment and politely turned so I could have the seat next to him. Even in that tiny moment of eye contact, I'd felt sparks. Excitement gathered in me like a heat.

Up close he was even more attractive. He had nice lips and penetrating eyes. His body appeared solidly muscular without being bulky. I wanted to climb all over him right there. But I reminded myself that I had one particular act in mind, and it was going to be tricky enough to pull off in public.

The tracks curved, and I let myself sway against him. Our thighs touched, and the contact sent an extra thrill through my pussy. When the tracks straightened out, I stayed pressed against him.

He was aware of the contact. He looked down at where we touched and put his phone away. I saw a smile curl across his lips.

There was no time for slow seduction, so I reached over and laid my hand on his leg. It was firm with muscle. Boldly, I ran my hand up his thigh, parting his long coat as I did.

There was bank of seats directly in front of ours, and one was occupied. But the person was facing away from us. The seats across the aisle were empty. But there were many other occupied spots. If somebody happened to turn, they would see me moving my hand onto hottie's crotch.

I squeezed his swelling bulge, and a razy excitement swarmed in me. Even for me, this was brazen as hell. But I had set a far greater challenge for myself.

At the other end of the car, Trina was watching us, still wide-eyed.

I kneaded his cock through his pants, and his breathing quickened. I whispered, "Take off your coat."

He did it casually, as if the ambient warmth of the subway car was just too much for such a heavy garment. When he had it off, I helped him spread it over his lap. Then I reached underneath it and unzipped him.

His cock sprang out in its full glorious length, and I grasped him, impressed by his size. My fingers only just met around his girth, and I started pumping him.

We came to another station, and there were more disembarkations, as well as a few new passengers coming aboard. We froze until everyone was settled.

I jerked him harder. His features tensed, and his cock twitched in my grip.

The seats didn't provide a lot of legroom, to say nothing of the limited floor space beneath them. But I was determined to suck him off.

"I put my tongue out and scooped up that first dewdrop of clear pre-come."

I turned on the plastic seat and started slowly to slide off it. The seat ahead of us was still occupied, but I didn't disturb the person as I slithered onto the floor.

The space was cramped as all hell, but excitement propelled me onward. I went to duck my head under the hottie's coat, and he looked at me with wide-eyed amazement, fully realizing my intent.

I gave him a lascivious grin and put my head underneath the coat. It was dark under there, but enough light got through that I could see his big, beautiful cock. I reached in through the open zipper and gently drew his balls out. They were big and shaved, and a fresh shudder of desire touched me.

I put my tongue out and scooped up that first dewdrop of clear pre-come. The sting of salt was exquisite, and I rolled the oily taste around in my mouth a few seconds.

Then I closed my lips decisively over his knob. My mouth stretched around it, and I swirled my tongue over him, thoroughly bathing that sweet crown.

I kept my hand on his lovely balls as I proceeded to suck my way down his shaft. The car floor was hard under my knees, and I was bent into an awkward position. But the discomfort meant nothing to me.

I was beneath his coat like an old-timey photographer, one who would hold a giant flash and take a sepia-toned picture—except I was holding a stranger's nutsac. And the burst was going to be his come jetting down my throat.

Taking inch after inch of him, I felt his cockhead enter my throat. I kept up a firm suction. My tongue worked busily, exploring all those little veins. I wanted to give him a blowjob to remember. Though it would probably be memorable no matter what, I mused. I was willing to bet that no nameless woman had ever gone down on him on a train.

The nasty thought tickled deep desires in me. I swallowed him down to his balls and held him like that a moment to show him what a talented deep-throater I was. Then I started blowing him in earnest.

My head rose and fell. I left it up to him to arrange his long coat over his lap to best camouflage what I was doing.

From where I was, I couldn't see anything of the rest of the car. For all I knew, half a dozen people had noticed what was happening. I only knew for sure that Trina was watching. I imagined her seething with delight and jealousy as she caught glimpses of what was going on at the other end of the car. She would be able to see the hottie's face. I wondered how well he was disguising his expressions of mounting excitement.

His cock was as hard as mahogany as I rode my mouth up and down on it. I was careful to avoid any slurping sounds, and I tried especially hard not to bump the seat in front of us. But I was

SUCK A WHAT?

seriously sucking him now.

His taste filled my mouth and seemed to spread throughout my entire body. It was a masculine flavor, complementing the lovely texture of his cock's velvety sheathing. I wanted to moan with lust, but I stayed quiet.

My pussy was streaming, and my nipples were as stiff as pebbles. I had a face full of cock, and I was loving it!

I gently kneaded his balls, and I swiped some saliva off his staff and smeared it over his sac. He jerked a little on the seat, probably fighting to control his reactions.

Mischievously, I thought I would give him an extra treat. I slid a wet, questing finger past his balls, sliding it along his taint. I've encountered the occasional male who didn't like being touched this way, but they were the rarity. Of course, if the hottie didn't want me playing with his asshole while I sucked him off, that was OK. Consent is everything.

But he figured out what I was up to and slouched further in the plastic seat, which gave me easier access to his hole. My middle finger touched his enticing pucker. As I continued to lift and drop my mouth, I now swirled my fingertip around his sensitive ring.

He jerked again on his seat as I penetrated him. I only sank my finger in to the top knuckle, but that was enough to wriggle it around and his hole clasped me.

I put on my closing speed, aware that another station would be coming along any minute. I deep-throated him with all I had, racing against the train's progress.

Suddenly, his legs closed tightly around me, and his balls clenched. A second later, his first thick spurt hit the back of my throat. It tasted exactly like his pre-come, only a hundred times more potent and delicious.

He followed this first salvo with jet after jet of hot spunk. I swallowed every one, feeling like I was putting away a gallon of the gooey stuff.

Finally, I took my mouth off him and wriggled my way back up into my window seat. The hottie discreetly tucked his cock back into his pants. He smiled at me and got off at the next stop.

I grinned at Trina, who looked stunned.

–L.M., via email

Carnival Kinks

My boyfriend and I spent a day at an amusement park that had a gondola-style cable car that travels from one end of the property to the other. It served as both a ride and a method of transportation. By our second trip across the park, we grew a bit bold with our behavior inside the tiny private car. During our third trip, my frisky ass decided to see if I could make Zack have an orgasm over the course of our ride.

I set my plan into action the minute our car swooped out of the loading dock. The top half of the car was almost entirely comprised of windows, enabling guests to gaze at the park during their ride, but the bottom was solid metal, hiding anything—or anyone—that might be on the floor.

Confident that no one would notice my behavior, I slid off of the tiny bench and onto the floor, settling myself in between Zack's legs.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"What does it look like?" I countered.

I closed my fingers around the zipper pull on his jeans and tugged at the tab, drawing it all the way down. The metallic sound of its metal teeth pulling apart seemed to echo throughout the tiny enclosure, highlighting the illicit nature of what I was about to do.

Looking up at Zack from beneath lowered lids, I made certain he was watching me when I slipped my hand inside his pants. I skimmed over his growing bulge, overshooting it just a smidge so I could open up the handy little slit that split the front panel of his underwear.

Zack's whole body jolted when my fingers first came into contact with his rock-solid shaft. I skimmed my hand over his warm, velvety skin, offering him a brief taste of what it would feel like when I wrapped him in my fist.

I'd just curled my fingers around Zack's girth and freed him from his boxers when a stiff breeze kicked up outside. The cable car began swaying, leaning us both to the side. Undeterred by the interruption, I reached out and grabbed hold of the bench to steady myself, then I lowered my head and placed Zack's crown between my parted lips.

My guy let out a long, loud groan as I eased his dick between my lips. My mouth watered for him, aiding me in my endeavor to pump his shaft in and out as quickly as possible.

When our car's journey over the cable evened out and became a bit smoother, I moved my hand from the bench to Zack's balls. He always did get riled up when I played with his sac. His calm demeanor flew right out the window. The second I touched his balls, Zack started to wiggle in his seat. I was having a lot of fun watching him lose control over little more than a light brush of my fingertips.

Then his hips hitched, lifting his ass off of the bench and moving his balls just out of my reach. Of course, this new position presented other opportunities. Before Zack could set his ass back on the seat, I slipped my hand beneath him and caressed the delicate span of skin that stretched from his nuts to his puckered hole. He was warm and perfectly pliant, making it oh-so-simple to stimulate the area. I pressed against the soft flesh, working my fingertips in a circular motion to massage him.

Zack sucked in a breath through his teeth, creating a long hissing sound that got right under my skin. His ass rose a tiny bit higher off the seat, shoving his dick even deeper into my mouth so the tip tapped at the back of my throat, imploring me to relax and open up to him.

As I worked to open my mouth wider to accommodate his girth, the car shook as it moved over a support tower and back onto the wire. My teeth grazed his shaft's silken skin, gently arousing the nerves underneath.

Zack was practically panting now. Hot puffs of air ruffled my hair every time he let out another breath. His legs vibrated from the tension that coiled in his muscles, making his thighs flex against my rib cage.

Knowing that it was my actions that kept Zack grunting with satisfaction was intoxicating. I loved having the power to make him completely fall to pieces using little more than my mouth and hands.

Zack settled back on the bench by that point, leaving me just enough

space to sneak my hand further back to his asshole. He was particularly sensitive there. Just a little bit of pressure applied to Zack's backdoor was guaranteed to make him shoot come straight down my throat.

Using the saliva that had seeped from my lips and dripped down Zack's shaft and balls, I lubed up my finger and circled his asshole. As I moved to slip my finger inside, the car jostled, changing the angle at which Zack's dick thrust into my mouth.

A frustrated grunt rumbled in his chest. Zack grabbed hold of my head and tangled his fingers in my hair. With his hold on my head secure, my guy braced his feet on the floor and fucked my mouth with reckless abandon.

When the car started to wobble on the cable, I had no choice but to regain the reins. Using my fingertip, I toyed with Zack's asshole some more, providing a quick shock of pleasure that inspired another groan and a change of pace.

Once Zack's hips had stilled, I increased my pressure on his asshole, sliding my finger inside him slowly so his body could tell me how far to go. Gradually, his inner muscles relaxed enough for me to venture in further.

Rather than push that single digit deeper, I decided to add a second finger to the mix. Zack's hips lifted off the bench again as I eased that second finger inside him. Once both digits were seated comfortably, I sank in past my joints, not stopping until my knuckles bumped against his backside.

Keeping my hand tucked tight beneath Zack's ass, I turned my attention back to his dick and balls. I dragged my tongue over his sac, making sure I'd swabbed every inch before moving up to his shaft.

That's when I switched things up a bit, trading the flat of my tongue for its fine-point tip. I traced my way around the base of Zack's dick, mapping every inch of his girth. When I reached a sensitive patch of skin, his whole body twitched, creating a ripple effect that reached his asshole.

Spasms rocked Zack's body from the inside out. His muscles rolled over my fingers, gradually increasing their grip on me. At the same time, the tension in Zack's balls continued to grow. He was hot, tight and incredibly sensitive. The slightest stroke of my fingers was enough to make his hips buck.

Zack's body seemed ready to burst. Though my mouth provided all the wetness I needed to suck him off, his own pre-come flowed freely onto my tongue. The tangy taste of his natural lubricant filled my mouth, mixing with my own saliva to slicken my tongue and the inside of my cheeks, allowing me to glide up and down his length quickly.

Quite a few times I pulled my head up so fast that the crown of Zack's dick nearly escaped my lips. Whenever that happened, I'd pause from pistoning his shaft into my mouth and pay special attention to his bell-shaped head instead.

Have I mentioned that the crown of Zack's cock is one of the largest I've ever seen? It's super-sensitive, too. I love to trail my tongue along the ridge where his flared head meets his shaft. The tip of my tongue fits his crown's plump edge just so, providing the perfect track to glide around his girth.

After plotting a path around the circumference of Zack's crown several times, I allowed myself to wander further south, following the vein that bisects the underside of his dick all the way down to its base. I repeated the pattern a few times, enjoying the little grunts and groans that fell from Zack's lips with every stroke of my tongue. Hearing how I affected him never failed to drive me wild. His reactions were the most powerful aphrodisiac, and I wanted more.

Eager to lead Zack to an explosive finish, I moved my hand from his sac to his shaft and curled my fingers around the base. His skin was still nice and slick from my mouth, making it easy to slide my fist along his length.

Ready to get my mouth back in on the action, I relaxed my jaw and took him deep, stopping only when my lips brushed against my fingers. Now that I had the entirety of Zack's dick covered, I made my mouth and hand work in tandem.

Zack was so close to coming I could taste it. I hummed my appreciation, creating a vibrating sensation that rippled over his skin. The inside of Zack's asshole twitched again. Each spasm was stronger and harder than the last, gripping my fingers that were still nestled inside him.

I crooked my fingers, triggering the explosion that would cause our car to shake on the elevated cable track. He shouted so loudly people in the park below must have heard him.

He was just in time, too. As Zack's hot come spurted into my mouth, the car began to dip and slide closer to the loading dock. Using my fist, I pumped his dick into my mouth until the very last drop of his semen touched my tongue.

The cable car was fully descending now. I could hear the murmuring crowd of people waiting in the queue to board the ride below. I sucked up Zack's seed, swallowing as much as I could. Then I lifted my head and licked the remnants from my lips and his shaft.

We managed to tuck Zack's dick back in his pants just before the car swung into the loading area. The ride operator winked as he opened the door, which is when I finally noticed the tiny security camera in the car's corner. Oops!

–A.P., San Diego, Calif.

"I loved having the power to make him fall to pieces using little more than my mouth."

Secret Society

I've never been a particularly cool guy. But I have a lot of friends at college—female friends, especially. I try not to be a creep, and I genuinely enjoy the company of women, even when I'm not attracted to them. Because I don't approach the majority of my friendships with ulterior motives, I think women tend to relax around me.

There's one woman, though, who I haven't been able to stop quietly obsessing about for the entirety of my four years at college. Her name is Christine, and she's a sorority girl with a great personality. She always seemed way out of my league, so I never acted on my crush.

Toward the end of senior year, she started acting flirty. Giggling with her sorority sisters whenever I walked by, jokingly grabbing my butt, asking me the kinkiest thing I'd ever done. Stuff like that.

One day I got a text from her: *Do you feel adventurous?*

It was cryptic and intriguing, and of course I said: *Yes!*

Her response made me sweat: *If you're down for a freaky time, meet me at outside my building Saturday night at 9*.

I arrived right on time, and my jaw nearly dropped when I saw how sexy she looked. She was wearing a low-cut black cocktail dress, and her lipstick was bright red. Was this a date … or something else?

She grabbed my arm and tugged me away from the dorm and back toward the middle of campus.

"Thanks for showing up," Christine said. She looked seriously excited. "What we're doing will be in a group, so if this isn't to your taste, it's OK to leave."

We ended up at one of the older buildings on campus, which was unlocked despite the late hour. She led me to a stairwell, and we climbed all the way to the top and emerged on the roof.

There was a small fire burning in a brazier, and five guys and maybe 20 girls stood near it. The guys, like me, were dressed in normal attire and looked bewildered. The women were all wearing black cocktail dresses. It was strangely cult-like, but I trusted Christine, so I let her guide me to a position next to the other guys.

"It's time," another woman announced, clapping her hands. To my utter shock, all of the women started stripping off their black dresses. "The sisters have chosen their offerings for this spring. Prepare them."

Christine approached me completely naked. She was gorgeous, with full breasts and an hourglass figure, and I couldn't stop staring at her body. She stopped a foot in front of me and leaned in to whisper in my ear: "You're about to get blown by 20 women. So if you want to back out, do it now."

My mind short-circuited like a frazzled radiator.

"What?" I managed to ask.

"It's a secret Panhellenic sex society," she said. "It's my turn to bring a 'sacrifice,' and they told me to bring a man I'm attracted to."

That was a lot of information all at once. Christine was attracted to me. She was in a secret society. I was about to be blown by 20 women? I think I nodded.

She took my dopey signal as consent—which it was—and lowered her hands to the button of my jeans. My dick got hard so fast the moment was dizzying, and when her fingers dipped down to stroke my denim-covered dick, I nearly fainted.

She hummed a little as she squeezed me.

"I knew you would be hung," Christine said appreciatively as she pulled the zipper down and shoved my jeans to my ankles. They were quickly followed by my boxers. There was no time to be embarrassed about being half-naked in front of so many people because Christine dropped to her knees. I would have been willing to strip in front of an entire stadium for that.

"You ready?" she asked, grinning up at me. I nodded frantically, and then she gripped

my dick in one hand and started licking the tip. She started off light, running her tongue around the sensitive head, but soon she was wrapping her red lips around me. She sucked me halfway into her mouth before pulling back, and the next time she took me even deeper. When I realized she'd left a ring of lipstick near the base of my dick, I whimpered.

Next to me, the other guys were also getting blown. Every single one of them looked like I felt: gobsmacked, utterly confused and absolutely giddy with joy. What was this secret society? Who was in it? I didn't care because Christine was naked and sucking my dick, and it was the best thing that had ever happened to me.

"Are they prepared?" the leader asked.

Christine pulled back, much to my dismay.

"Yes," she responded in chorus with the other girls.

"Excellent. Let's begin."

Christine stood and stroked me one last time, leaning in to whisper in my ear, "Have fun."

My thoughts were basically a repeated refrain of: *What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck?* But I wasn't going to turn down this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I nodded enthusiastically, and she grinned.

"Try not to come," she said. "I want you to finish in my mouth."

And with that, she walked to the next guy down the line from me and dropped to her knees.

My jealousy was immediately assuaged when a beautiful blonde approached me. She didn't even introduce herself before kneeling and sucking my cock with sloppy enthusiasm. I groaned and thrust my hands into her hair. She seemed to like that because she sucked me so deep I hit the back of her throat.

There was no way I was going to make it through 20 women, I thought.

Luckily—or unluckily, I guess—the leader clapped her hands again after maybe a minute, and the blonde moved on to the next guy. I had 30 seconds to breathe and try to gain control over myself before a brunette took her place. She had big breasts and wide hips, and she slid her hand between her legs to masturbate lazily while she licked me like a lollipop. She moaned loudly against my erection as she continued fingering herself, and the sound vibrated through me.

The leader clapped, and another woman took her place.

It was a blur of sensation. No one sucked me long enough to make me come, but each one of them drove me wild in a different way. There was a girl who rose up on her knees to get the right angle to deep-throat me, one who licked and sucked my testicles and one who whimpered frantically as she bobbed her head. It was a parade of beautiful women desperate for my dick. Never in my wildest fantasies had I imagined something like this!

I groaned as I gripped one girl's hair and tugged until she took me deep. She sank her nails into my ass and forced me to fuck her mouth. That almost set me off, so I backed away, ignoring her protests as my dick slid out of her mouth. She frowned up at me disappointedly. Then there was another clap, followed by another greedy girl eager to suck me off.

"When I realized she'd left a ring of lipstick near the base of my dick, I whimpered."

The other guys were grunting and gasping next to me, and it wasn't as weird as I would have guessed to be pleasured in public next to other dudes. In fact, this strange miracle had created a sense of camaraderie among us. During the brief breaks, we would stare at each other with wide eyes as if confirming what was happening was real. Those frantic glances seemed to say: *Can you believe this shit?*

Honestly, if it wasn't for my aching balls and spit-slick dick, I'm not sure I would have believed it was real. The whole scenario felt like a dream as naked woman after naked woman knelt in front of me and pleasured me.

One of them was rough, tugging on my testicles and lightly scraping her teeth against me. While it wasn't what I normally would have enjoyed, it added an extra layer of intensity to the experience. The woman after that licked my balls with her tongue like a pro, and then I met another deep-throater, and then they all blurred together.

My cock was so hard it hurt, and every time I grabbed a woman's hair or bucked into her mouth, I had to repeat the same silent chant: *Don't come. Don't come. Don't come*. Christine wanted me to finish in her mouth, and I was going to do just that.

Finally, every girl in line had spent somewhere between 30 seconds and a minute worshiping my cock. I was losing my mind—I'd never had a blowjob go on that long, and I was in agony with the need to come. But the breaks had been timed perfectly to yank me back from the brink of orgasm, and I'd been thinking about not-sexy things for the last five women or so, anyway. Despite the ache in my balls, I refused to come for anyone but Christine.

She came back to me. Her hair was mussed, her lipstick smudged over her cheeks. I grabbed her hair and pushed her down to her knees, and she went gladly. Then her mouth was opening over me, and she swallowed me until my dick hit the back of her throat. She sucked me hard and deep, bobbing her head rhythmically as she fondled my testicles. With so much spit on me, it felt like fucking the wettest pussy in the world. I groaned and grabbed her hair, forcing her to speed up and take me deeper.

She moaned, and her saliva dribbled down to my balls. Her other hand wrapped around the base of my dick, and when she started pumping, I lost control. I shot into her mouth hard and came with a shout, and the greedy girl sucked up every drop of my come.

When it was done, she stood, wiping her mouth on the back of her hand. She wrapped her arms around me in a hug.

"You did great," she whispered in my ear. "And you are officially invited to next month's orgy."

—P.L., Glendale, Ariz

Ever experienced an incredible Thanksgiving-turkey mouth—the kind that cries out for stuffing? Tell us all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

The Home Stretch

KENNA'S FAVORITE WORKOUT INVOLVES MORE THAN YOGA.

“WITH SASHA, I KNOW I’M IN GOOD HANDS.”

—KENNA

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Sinfully Sexy

At a raunchy Halloween party, a costumed foursome raises holy hell and finds the answer to their prayers.

By Fiona Fox

A nun, a rabbi and a priest walk into a Halloween party. It sounds like the setup for a joke, but it's exactly how my night started off. And what a night it was!

I had scoffed when my roommate suggested the sexy nun getup earlier that day—one of the last outfits remaining on the rack at the party shop. But later that evening when I found myself in the company of two men who were ungodly hot, I didn't mind the skimpy habit.

By chance, I met the rabbi and the priest on the sidewalk outside the party's location as we made a beeline for the front door at the same time. Given our costumes, we had to enter the party together. How could we not? Clearly, we'd found ourselves in one of those mystical moments pre-ordained by the party gods. There was nothing left to do but seize the opportunity and have a damn good time.

It didn't hurt that both men looked like sin personified.

By the time we stepped into the building's elevator and the doors closed behind us, I had already wedged myself between the two of hunks. I was getting acquainted with my new friends real fast, throwing them flirty smiles and encouraging glances. When I felt the priest's hand skim from my back down to my ass, I didn't think. I just bent over and flipped up my skirt, issuing an open invitation to explore.

His low murmur of appreciation thrilled me, making goosebumps rise all along my skin. One large hand cupped my cheek while the fingers of the other slipped into my crack, stroking the thin line of my thong. He hooked one finger into the skinny elastic band bisecting my ass and pulled the material to the side, exposing both of my holes.

The cool air in the elevator caressed my wet pussy, heightening my awareness. I was so sensitive that the first feather-light touch of his blunt fingertip had me gasping and searching for purchase.

Lucky for me, the rabbi came to my rescue and held me steady. What a mensch.

My hands settled on his hips, just below the waistband of his pants. While his faithful friend dipped his finger into my pussy, I opened the rabbi's fly and sucked his silky-smooth dick right into my mouth.

Having a long, thick rod between my lips really did ground me. Eager

to do more than drag my tongue over his length, I rocked back on my heels, easing his shaft out and then drawing him back in. Every time I plunged backward, the priest's finger drove deep enough to rub that sensitive spot inside me that's guaranteed to make me moan.

Everything happened so quickly. I don't believe any of us thought about the fact that the elevator really didn't have far to go. When the doors opened, we were all surprised to find we weren't looking at a hallway, but straight into the foyer of a large apartment where the sexually charged party was already in fully swing. Getting caught with a priest between my legs wasn't exactly the entrance I had in mind, but it certainly set the tone for the evening.

Ready to own the moment, I linked arms with my partners and marched through the parting sea of partygoers with my head held high. I noticed there were already some couples and trios on the fringes who were well on the way to fucking, so our behavior didn't come as a shock to anyone.

In the kitchen, the three of us were joined by another nun who wasn't as tall as me, but she didn't seem short on her desire to get down and dirty. She'd noticed our funky little order and wanted to get in on the fun. Her eyes focused on the heavy string of faux rosary beads hanging around my neck. When she reached out to take hold of the necklace, her fingers brushed against one of my nipples. Even through the fabric of my costume, her touch made the bud perk up. She toyed with the strand, rolling the large wooden beads over my erect nubs.

She was my sister in sin, I could tell.

"Very cool costume," she purred.

Taking the strand in her fist, she wound it around her fingers, rapidly closing the distance between us.

"What do you say, sister, are you up for adding a fourth to tonight's little worship session?"

Why let words get in the way when my body could do the talking? I slipped my hands beneath her short tunic and cupped her bare butt. I gave her cheeks a hearty squeeze and pulled her soft body against mine.

Melting into my lustful embrace, she straddled one of my legs and began writhing against me. Her slick pussy lips slipped over my thigh, spreading her juice along my flesh and making it abundantly clear that underwear wasn't part of her costume.

That made me immediately wonder if her lush tits were also unfettered. I slid a hand from her ass to her hip, carefully mapping the curves and dips of her torso as I advanced upward beneath her costume.

My fingers brushed the delicate underside of her breast, and just as I suspected–and hoped–there was no bra to get in my way. Taking full advantage, I cupped one of her tits and teased her stiff nipple with my thumb. The harder I rubbed it, the more my sweet little sister moaned. Her soft sounds of pleasure quickly amplified to the point that other partygoers wandered into the room to see who was turning up the heat in the kitchen.

"What do you say, sister, are you up for adding a fourth to tonight's worship session?"

But I ignored the crowd and focused on my lover's ruby-red lips. Plump and pouty, they called to me, begging for a kiss. But before I could make my move, the nun tugged my necklace to regain control. From the look in her eyes, I knew she was hot and bothered. But her fingers never so much as slipped from the beads.

Then with a quick spin, she was suddenly walking in front of me, leading me by my necklace as if it were a leash. I dutifully followed behind her as she led me to another room deeper inside the apartment.

The priest and the rabbi weren't far behind us.

Answering my silent prayer, a masculine hand lifted my skirt, clearing the way for the large palm that landed on my ass cheek seconds later. The sharp sting resonated in my pussy, making me even more turned on than I already had been.

As we crossed the threshold into an unoccupied bedroom, one of the guys collided with my back and embraced me. His hands skimmed over my body and settled on my hips. After nibbling lightly on my neck, he raised his lips to my ear and whispered, "Did you forget about me?"

The spicy smell of his cologne told me it was the priest speaking. A telltale bulge poked at my backside, so I rocked my hips and ground my ass against him.

"I didn't forget, just got a tiny bit distracted," I replied.

My friend has released her grip on my necklace, so I could turn around and face the priest. When I locked eyes with him, the corners of his lips lifted into a sly grin.

"You can earn your forgiveness on your knees," he said.

Immediately, I lowered myself to the floor. As I knelt before him, his waistband was right at eye level, so I could appreciate the magnitude of his erection, which was obviously tenting his pants.

I licked my lips, more than ready to commit my act of contrition.

Sucking dick is one of my favorite pastimes, and I could already tell that I'd enjoy getting this pretend man of the cloth off with my mouth.

That sexy grin of his grew wider when he popped the button on his pants and dragged his zipper down.

Not wasting any time, he shoved his pants and boxers to the floor in one fluid motion. His erection popped free so quickly that it hit my face!

A moment later, he decided my skimpy costume had to go. With a quick whip of his hand, he peeled

the top off my shoulders until it was hanging loosely around my waist.

Growing impatient, I opened my mouth and tried to catch his cock, earning me an amused chuckle.

The priest resumed his stance before me, and the crown of his cock bobbed just above my parted lips. He curled his fingers around the base of his shaft—gripping himself tight—then guided himself into my mouth.

Unlike his friend the rabbi, this gentleman still had a foreskin. Talk about a commitment to your character!

Fancying myself a cock connoisseur, I loved the idea of enjoying one dick that still wore its hood and one without during the same fuck session. Variety is the spice of life, after all.

Speaking of the rabbi, he'd stepped into my periphery and crouched down to whisper in my ear: "I was going to say I'll have you next, but I think I'd prefer to take you right now."

His hand slipped between my thighs, urging my legs apart. Inch by inch, my knees slid across the floor, widening the growing gap between my thighs.

Not missing a beat, the priest followed me down, effortlessly lowering himself so his dick stayed firmly in place in my mouth.

While I swirled my tongue from the base to the tip of his magnificent member, the rabbi got onto the floor beneath me and eased his body between my legs—and the priest's. I could see his bare legs extending before me, confirming that he'd already removed his pants. He settled his pelvis directly beneath my pussy, perfectly positioning himself to offer his cock to me.

Before I lowered myself onto his staff, his condom-covered cock

slapped against my thigh. The slick rubber coating skidded along my skin, issuing a pleasant reminder of the man's considerable length.

I literally hummed with anticipation, which served the priest just fine since his cock was still nestled in my mouth. I imagined how the subtle vibration played over his skin, gently arousing the nerves that lay beneath, thrilling him in a way my lips, teeth and tongue couldn't on their own.

I sank lower, eager to feel the rabbi fill my cunt. Then, finally, the flared head of his cock just barely slipped between my folds. He circled my center with his dickhead, spreading my juices around and around as he teased my hole and prepared me for his entry. With his free hand, he caressed my inner thigh, making me shiver delightfully.

He repeated the pattern. But when he skirted dangerously close to my pussy, he redirected his hand's path, swooping around to the side to take hold of my hip instead. His fingers curled into my thigh, making his nails gently bite into the thick spot that helped complete my hourglass figure.

It felt like he was setting me up to take a serious pounding, and yet he didn't appear to be in any rush to bury his dick deep inside my pussy. Though that was exactly what I craved.

Since I couldn't move another inch without releasing the priest's dick from my mouth, I had no choice but to wait for the rabbi to show me some mercy.

Fortunately, that happened quickly. Using his tight grip on my leg for leverage, he thrust upward and buried his cock inside me.

God, it felt good to have two holes filled, and I couldn't tell you which was wetter. My pussy was overflowing, and my mouth was literally watering for the priest's cock–I was fucking loving it. I wanted to feel his dick hit the very back of my throat.

My pussy had grown so slick that I could feel my juices seeping out and soaking the man below me. His erratic fucking pattern was impossible to predict and added a layer of mystery to the experience. Screwing him was a roller coaster ride of rhythms and thrilling motions, and I couldn't get enough. Hard, fast thrusts would give way to languid rolls of his hips with no warning. But I didn't mind because it all felt great.

Somewhere in the back of my brain, I remembered there was a fourth member present at our private party.

Right on cue, the nun gave my necklace a tug, urging me backward until only the very tip of the priest's dick stayed tucked between my lips.

My groan rumbled over the sensitive crown of his cock, drawing more salty pre-come out of his dick and into my mouth. That turned my frustrated utterance into sounds of satisfaction. I love to savor my partners' unique flavors. To be able to taste the different stages of their arousal. It's just heavenly.

Before I got lost in the moment, a soft moan sounded behind me. The noise made me realize the nun wasn't trying to redirect my attention. A quick peek told me she'd settled herself firmly atop the rabbi's face and was rubbing her pussy all over it.

Damn, could that man multitask. He made full use of his hands, dick and tongue to make certain both of us were sated and satisfied.

During one long and very loud moan, the girl finally lost her grip on my necklace, causing the beads to slide down my torso and once again settled between my breasts. Every hitch of the rabbi's hips rocked my body and jostled the heavy wooden beads. As they slapped against my chest, they beat a steady rhythm against my breast. More than once, the necklace smacked against my tits and teased my pebble-hard nips, and that felt really nice. The feelings were intense.

"The priest resumed his stance before me, and his cock bobbed above my parted lips."

Still sucking on the dick between my lips, I took hold of the beads and rolled them over my breasts on purpose. The hard spheres rubbing over my skin felt unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Sure, I'd dabbled with my fair share of nipple clamps and massagers, but neither ever created the same sensation. It was like all the best bits of both toys had been rolled into one, and I was very much enjoying my discovery.

I love it when partners play with my tits during sex. Having my mouth and pussy filled had left me a very happy camper. But stimulating my breasts served to increase that pleasure tenfold and pushed my body closer to nirvana.

Before long, my first orgasm hit. Rather than attempting to swallow my screams, I let them fly, and my vocalizations buzzed around the priest's dick just like I'd done before.

Of course, the difference this time was that he was very close to coming. A few seconds of those over-the-top vibrations was all it took to send him flying over the edge. His hot, salty seed shot into my mouth and slid down my throat. But try as I might, I couldn't swallow all of his copious load. His cream started to dribble down my chin and onto my chest, thoroughly marking me with the evidence of his orgasm.

I sighed when he pulled his length from between my lips and stepped away. His shaft still looked as hard as steel, but he was clearly done for the moment.

Not that I had long to care–the rabbi hadn't slowed his pace one bit, and without the priest to support my weight, I found myself having to readjust to stay seated on his cock.

That was just as well. When I leaned forward, the long strand of beads dipped low enough to brush against my clit, opening up a whole new world of possibilities. A second orgasm was had in thanks to those beads tapping against my clit, and before long my pussy was pulsing with pleasure.

That's when the priest spoke up again and said with a smirk, "I've long prayed to see two ladies together."

He hooked an arm around my waist and lifted me off the rabbi's cock.

"You've had quite enough dick tonight, my lovely. Let's see your pussy get a good tongue-lashing."

Too dazed to respond, I watched as he positioned the other nun on her back. She planted her feet on the floor and crooked her finger at me in invitation.

Then the priest looked back at me and offered me his hand. He guided me down so I was straddling the other girl's face, just as she had done with the rabbi earlier. At the same time, the rabbi repositioned himself between the other nun's legs so he could engage in some pussy worship.

Still sensitive from the two orgasms that had already rocked my body, I placed my quivering pussy on her lips and she immediately dug in.

Holy shit, it was like being blasted over the moon!

This girl had a seriously skilled tongue. She didn't just focus on one area. She worked the whole goddamn thing. One second she was sucking one of my lips into her mouth and the next she was tracing a path around my cunt hole, teasing her way inside. She ate pussy like a pro, and I found myself mumbling a prayer of thanks to the priest for setting this whole filthy scenario up.

When she reached her peak, she used every moan and scream to bring me pleasure as well. Then she slipped a finger inside my pussy and pressed against my G-spot, pushing me right into my third orgasm of the evening. Pleasure rocked me to my very core, making every muscle ripple and twitch until I gushed all over that girl's face.

We were all so sweaty and sticky that we stepped into the apartment's large walk-in shower together. Because cleaning up is more fun if you can get a little dirty while you do it!

Needless to say, that was the best Halloween I've ever had!

Surprise Party

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Oral Support

A typo in a text message kicks off a hot sexual partnership between longtime pals.

Edward and I have been friends for ten years. He's witnessed me going through my share of ups and downs, especially when it comes to love. And I've seen him endure similar triumphs and heartaches. Through long-term and short-term relationships with others, we've remained close. And I'll admit, occasionally we've strayed into the area of friends with benefits.

After the last time we got a little frisky, we vowed not to do it again. It seemed wise in order to keep our friendship strong.

Recently, when Brenda dumped him, it made sense that he texted me.

I told him to call, so we could talk it out during my long drive home. My commute was about an hour, and I had plenty of time to listen to his problems.

We chatted nonstop as I made my way through the predictably bad traffic.

"You'll be fine," I said. "It will all work out. You know it will."

"I know," he said. "But I feel too damn old for this."

"Me, too," I said, realizing it was true.

We said our goodbyes, promising we'd get together for dinner and drinks soon.

After I pulled up at home and parked, I opened my phone and texted him: *I'm always here for moral support*. Then I hit send.

A moment later my phone chimed, and there was a single lurking question mark on the screen.

I looked at my previous text and shook my head. I'd actually texted: *I'm always here for oral support*.

The phone chimed again.

Are you? Really?

It only took me a beat. I shrugged. What the hell.

Yes. I am.

Almost immediately, another notification arrived: *Can I come now?*

I typed back: *I don't know. Can you?* ;)

I'll be there in 20, Ed replied.

I hurried into the house, grinning like an idiot. We'd sworn off fooling around, but the idea of it was so exciting. It also felt so damn right.

I freshened up and put on some leggings and a soft tee. I checked myself out in the mirror. I looked sexy, but comfortable.

Ed didn't knock. The door was unlocked, and he pushed it open and came in, calling out for me.

"Up here!"

He came through the bedroom doorway, bright-eyed and eager—and as handsome as ever. Twin flames of color glowed on his cheeks. His dark hair had fallen down slightly on his forehead, giving him a boyish look. His eyes were hungry, though. And I could tell his cock was already hard.

I licked my lips, my pussy thumping along with my pounding pulse.

"Take your pants off," I said.

He worked his belt buckle so fast it sounded like jingle bells. I smiled.

He pushed down his jeans and then his boxer briefs. He held his hard cock in his big, strong hand and gave it a few strokes. He just watched me. Doing that. Waiting.

"Are you going to stand there or come over here?" I asked.

"Take your clothes off," he said.

I obeyed. I pulled my tee over my head and tossed it aside. It was cooler now that fall had set in. My nipples grew hard from the chill and my arousal. I peeled my leggings down slowly, making him wait. It backfired, though, because the whole time I was doing that, he was stroking his thick cock and watching me.

My cunt contracted around nothing but my own anticipation. I sighed and scooted to the edge of the bed. I spread my legs and reached my hand out. He stepped closer to me and brushed my hair back. He slid his cockhead along my lower lip. I darted my tongue out to taste him. He grunted and ran his fingers through my bangs.

I pushed my lips down, sucked in just the tip of him and swirled my tongue. His skin was warm and salty.

Ed's hand moved to the back of my head and applied just the slightest amount of pressure. At the same time, he thrust his hips forward slightly. His cock slid along my tongue, moving forward and filling my mouth and my throat.

I shut my eyes and inhaled deeply.

We'd been together enough times that he knew how far he could push me. He fucked my mouth harder and tugged my hair a little. I gasped around his driving cock. That small sound made him grunt. I grabbed his flanks, holding on as he moved in and out of my mouth. I dragged my tongue deliberately up the underside of his dick, caressing the rigid planes of his member with my tongue.

He pulled free of me so suddenly that I gasped again. Then he pushed me back on the bed and shoved my legs high and wide. He rubbed his hard-on along the folds of my pussy, giving my clitoris just enough friction to feel good—but not enough to get me off.

Ed grinned and said, "I appreciate the oral support."

Then he kissed me, his tongue warm and tasting sweet like soda. With one hand, he pinned my hands above my head, and with his other hand he parted my pussy lips. Then one finger delved deep, no doubt testing to see if I was ready for him.

"So wet," he mumbled in my ear.

I nodded, cooing because words escaped me. I only had sounds.

Then a second finger delved in, and I groaned.

"Fuck me," I finally said. "Please."

I didn't have to repeat my request. He pressed his hot body against mine and slid his thick cock into me an inch at a time. I grasped at him with desperate fingers. I tried to bump my hips up to hurry him along, but he laughed and held me still.

"I pushed my lips down, sucked in just the tip of him and swirled my tongue."

"You can't rush me, girl."

I groaned.

He slammed into me then, catching me off-guard and hitting my G-spot with expert precision.

"God!" I said. "Right fucking there."

"I know," he said, staring down at me and smiling.

He rocked his hips deliberately, repeatedly hitting that perfect place deep in my pussy. My wetness increased, and my breath grew short. I bucked against him, though I couldn't manage much movement. But what I could achieve helped speed me along. I was so close to coming that I wanted to weep.

He froze and observed my pleasure-wracked features.

"You're killing me," I said.

"Yeah, I know." He lowered his head and kissed me before biting my neck and nuzzling me.

All the while, I hung there, suspended, so close to coming I could hardly stand myself. I rocked my hips up. He laughed, and I did it again.

Then I raised my head and nipped him on the arm.

He snarled at me, kept me pinned and fucked me like nobody's business.

"Yes, Jesus—finally!" I said. And I came, crying out like a crazy woman.

I shoved him off me, and he reared back with a grunt before reclining on his back. I slithered my way down his body and took his cock in my mouth once more. I slid my lips up and down his shaft while stroking him with my fist. He shut up then, breathing heavy and clutching the bedsheets in his fists.

He climaxed with a muttered, "I'm coming." But I didn't back off. I think he expected I would. I worked him until the last spasm had passed and I'd swallowed his cream. He grabbed my long hair and tugged me up to him for a kiss.

There was something different in that kiss. I'd never felt that kind of passion from him before.

Two days later, I was distracted at work and reliving the amazing sex we'd had. We'd talked since, but not about that. He was doing better about the being-dumped thing. I liked to think I had a hand—or a mouth—in that.

In the afternoon, he texted me some goofy meme. I took the chance to answer with a laughing emoji. Then I figured, fuck it.

I texted: *I could use some oral support myself. Interested*?

The answer was immediate: *I'll be at your place after work. Want to eat first? Or eat after? Either way, I'll be eating you*.

That last remark made my head swim for a moment. Ed was good in bed, period. But when it came to pussy-eating, he was a champ. It had been a while, but I remembered his skills clearly.

We'll play it by ear, I texted.

I broke practically every traffic law in the book getting home that day.

He was there not long after me.

I hurried inside and slipped on a long tee and nothing else but a pair of knee-high striped socks. I waited there for him, with my heart pounding. Impatient, I slipped my fingertip along my clit just to give myself a delicious jolt.

By the time I finally heard the front door open, I was so hot I'd nearly lost my mind. I managed to continue to breathe as I waited.

He pushed the cracked bedroom door open with tented fingers.

I chewed my lower lip. My body felt like it was vibrating.

I reached out for him, and he came to me. He pushed me back, and it made my tee ride up. "Oh, look. You left it out for me. Easy access," he said. Then he kissed me chastely on my mound.

I thought I'd lose it right then.

Ed pushed his hands to the tops of my thighs. I let them fall open for him. He exhaled a hot breath onto my pussy, and I shivered. The he ran the rigid tip of his tongue over my clit. I shoved a hand into his hair, gripping his head. I tried to move my hips, but he pushed me down with his strong hands.

"Jesus," I said.

"Ed," he answered.

I laughed, but I was silenced abruptly when he used his whole tongue on my pussy. He lapped at my clitoris like I was a fine dessert. I moaned and tried to relax and roll with it. But he kept me on edge, my body tight with anticipation. The more he licked me, the closer I got to my peak. His fingers gripped my skin and added a brightness of pain to my pleasure.

He stopped everything for a moment, just letting my cunt thump in time with my heartbeat. My clit felt like it was pulsating.

"Ed, I know you think you're funny, but can you … please. Jesus. Can you go back to it?" I pleaded desperately.

That break had been enough to increase my arousal and my need. He sucked my clit, licked it, sucked it, licked it again. He kept me on edge, alternating until I was pulling his hair in my desperation, so out of control with lust I could barely think.

Ed chuckled against the inside of my thigh and then put his mouth back on me. He pushed his fingers into my pussy at the exact right moment, and I came.

"Fucking hell!" was my brilliant exclamation.

Then he was straddling my shoulders and pushing his dick into my mouth, and I was lapping at him eagerly. I swallowed as much of him as I could, willing and eager for him to use my mouth for his satisfaction.

"Dammit," he snarled after a bit.

He pulled out and flipped me onto my belly. I shoved my hands beneath my pelvis to angle myself for him. He covered me with his body from behind,

sliding into my pussy from the rear. His cock brushed tender places inside me that were so swollen and sensitive I could hardly stand the friction.

"Can you feel me?" he said against the curve of my ear. My nipples pebbled at the sensation of his breath on my face.

"You know I can," I managed, moving back to take him.

"I want you to come with me," he said.

"I thought I was going to suck you off again."

"Tomorrow," he said. "You can suck my dick tomorrow. Today the oral support was for you. And now, I want to come inside you. OK?"

I nodded eagerly.

"I want you to come with me," he said again.

Another nod. I shoved my hand a bit farther down and found my clit with shaking fingers. I rubbed in time with his thrusts, pushing myself higher and closer. I bit my lower lip, raised my hips and felt the strength in his body as he took me.

"Tighter," he said against my ear. "That sweet pussy is getting tighter. Come with me. Come for me."

I squeezed my pussy around his driving cock and then the dam burst. The spasms hit, and I was sobbing into the mattress as I climaxed.

"Shit. Now I'm coming," he announced.

His body went taut and the air rushed out of him, and then we were laying there in a big heap, laughing.

He rolled over and surprised me by kissing me. "So where do you want to eat?"

"Where do *you* want to eat?" I asked.

He mockingly rolled his eyes and shook his head in faux irritation.

"Oh, no. Here we go."

We ordered pizza.

The next night we didn't even pretend we weren't going to hook up. He told me he'd be by after work, and I told him I'd be ready.

This time, I didn't bother with the tee. I put on my knee socks and waited, cross-legged on the bed with a blanket draped over my shoulders.

The front door creaked open, and then I heard his footsteps and was instantly revved up—wet, and horny just from waiting. I was conditioned like Pavlov's dog to anticipate pleasure and release.

He came in and stripped his clothes off quickly. Then he laid on the bed beside me.

"Today, we're giving mutual oral support."

He had me straddle his face, and I leaned over his hard cock. I stroked it, lowered my mouth to him and sucked him in. He grabbed my hips and tugged me down until I was low enough for him to get his mouth on me.

His tongue was warm and gentle at first. He stopped to push the rigid tip into my slick pussy. He nudged me playfully like that until I groaned. Then he went back to circling my clit with gentle laps. As usual he didn't hurry.

I stroked him with my fist as I sucked his cockhead, pausing to lick and fondle his balls. He groaned and bucked his hips even as he yanked me down closer to his face. His tongue took an idle tour of my folds and then gave eager attention to the pounding knot of my clitoris. He sucked it, and I shivered. He held me tight so I couldn't move away, no matter how intense the feelings got.

He held me there as his tongue got bolder, and when he pushed it into my pussy again, I felt myself quiver. He returned to my clit as I struggled valiantly to keep my mind on sucking dick. But he'd gotten me so close that I was all over the place. He didn't seem to mind as he thrust his hips up to push into my mouth.

I lost it, coming hard. I felt my juices run freely and knew his face would be covered. I also knew Ed well enough to know he'd get off on that.

And he did. He pushed my hips up until I was forced to move. Then he rolled me to my side and got in close behind me. Holding my right leg high, he entered me fast. His cock filled me, thrusting in and out even as the final waves of my orgasm worked through me.

He bit my neck, and I broke out in goose bumps.

I moved my body to increase our

tempo and get more of that sweet sensation. He reached around and stroked my clit with his fingers. Before long, I was close again. Just like that. Like magic.

He pressed his belly against my back, thrusting hard but slow. His cock pressed deep inside me, triggering another rush of moisture. I took him easily, wanting more. I forced myself back against him, taking him deeper.

He strummed my clit easily, smearing my moisture across it. His mouth explored the back of my neck again. The scrape of teeth. The slide of a tongue.

I came again, my cunt spasming around him.

He kept fucking me, holding me close.

When I'd caught my breath, I moved quickly. Getting on my knees, I pushed him onto his back. I leaned over and slid my mouth down his shaft again, tasting myself on his warm skin. I dragged my tongue along his shaft, circling the head of his cock.

He made an animalistic noise and held my head, but he didn't press. He simply cupped the back of my head in his hand.

His hips came up to greet me, his thighs tense beneath my hands. His tempo got faster, his breathing more ragged.

Suddenly, he pushed me back and said, "Climb on. I want you on top."

I didn't argue. I was still turned on and could probably come again. I was willing to give it a shot.

I straddled his hips and slid his dick along my wet slit. Then I sank down on him slowly, taking my time and watching his face.

His eyes drifted shut, his hands came up to hold me, and he buried his cock deep inside me.

I clenched my pussy tightly around him, rocking my hips from side to side. He gave a small, rough cry, and I went entirely still. Not moving. Just sitting there with his cock buried in me to the hilt.

"Are you trying to kill me now?"

I laughed and responded, "Turnabout's fair play, right?"

"Or you could move, and we could both come." His stroked my waist as he spoke, his touch gentle and sensual. He was tempting me.

It worked. I'm just not the waiting type.

"I swallowed as much of him as I could, willing and eager for him to use my mouth."

I leaned over and put my hands on his shoulders. I moved my hips quickly, working up a fast pace and feeling him hit the perfect places inside me. I stayed there, undulating and working that spot until I thought I'd lose my mind.

"Jesus," he said. His face spoke volumes. He was going to shoot–soon.

One, two, three more thrusts and I came. I dug my fingernails into his shoulders, and that was that. He held my hips tightly and climaxed with a cry.

We stared at each other as the clock on the bedside table ticked softly.

"I think this should be a regular thing. Our oral support group."

"Anything to help," I said calmly, but my heart beat a bit faster.

–A.R., Durham, N.C.

True Blue

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Three's a Charm

SPOTLIGHT ON THREE-FOR-ALL

Hank had no issue with Melissa coming to stay with us for a week. They got along swimmingly and always had.

"So, does this mean fancy dinners and lots of running around, or just vegging out and tons of movies?" he asked as we prepped our evening meal.

I could picture the gears turning in his head as he tried to mentally plot out the upcoming days.

"Who knows," I replied. "It's always a surprise. We may be wild and crazy, or it could turn out to be one big sleepover."

"Well, let me know what you want from me."

"Always," I said, giving him a kiss and handing him a plate of meat. "Right now, I want you to go grill these steaks. It's chilly tonight, but not too cold to cook outside."

"Good steaks, cold night, hot wife … what a lucky man I am," Hank said as he walked out to the grill.

Melissa arrived the next day, looking as lean and lovely and full of life as usual. Her mother lived in the same state as me and Hank. But when she came to visit, it was more fun to stay with us than at her childhood home. Plus, we got to catch up when she wasn't spending time with her mom.

Melissa hugged me tight as she told me, "You look fantastic."

"I look fantastic? Look at you! How much time have you been spending at the gym, lady?"

"Not too much," she said, twisting and posing. Then she practically snorted with laughter. "A lot, actually. I've been so stressed at work. It was either take up serious kickboxing or eat an entire cake every night."

"Looking good, girrrrrl," I said. Then I hugged her again. "Wine?"

"Pour me some, yes. But I'm going to go and hop in the shower. Being crammed in an airplane close to all those other bodies always makes me feel gross." She gave a mock shiver, and I laughed. "I'll be down soon."

She'd stayed with us enough that she knew where everything was, so I let her go. Hank was working in the attic near her room. He was turning the extra space into an office area for me. I meant to warn her about the banging and pounding sounds but forgot.

I was making a tray of cheese and fruit to go with our drinks when I heard two simultaneous shouts. I ran upstairs to find my husband staring at my friend, who was barely covering herself with a hand towel.

I laughingly said, "Oops."

They both looked at me with wide eyes.

"I forgot to tell you Melissa arrived," I said to my guy. Then I turned toward my friend. "And I forgot to tell you Hank was renovating the attic."

I saw his eyes skating along her nearly naked form. His gaze hovered on her cleavage which was fully revealed above the tiny towel. He also took in her toned thighs, her wet hair and her big blue eyes. I understood; I looked, too.

Soon everyone's shock had faded—and was replaced by feelings that seemed decidedly more lustful.

Hank and I'd had a couple of threesomes in the past—once with a guy and once with a girl. In that moment we made the mental connection that if Melissa was onboard, we'd soon be having another.

"That's OK," she said, letting the towel slip a little.

The tension made my throat tighten. I coughed and said, "We should let you get dressed."

I grabbed Hank and pulled him away. We had to talk.

Safely in our bedroom, I flicked the lock. A heartbeat later, he shoved me up against the door, yanked my leggings off and hiked my leg up. He pulled his cock out of his shorts and entered my wet cunt with a hard thrust.

I grunted, feeling him stretch me. He kissed me roughly, pressing me against the robes that hung on the back of our bedroom door. His hips pistoned, and his breath came in fast, erratic pants.

"What do you think?" he muttered against my neck before biting me sharply.

"She seems interested," I said, driving my hips forward to force him deeper inside me—to get him where I needed him.

"And how about you?"

I could picture her eating my pussy as he fucked her. I could picture me eating her pussy as he fucked me. I nodded in lascivious agreement.

"Yes, yes. I'm interested, too."

I sucked in a deep breath that I held for a few seconds as I savored a particularly intense thrust. Then my breath came out of me in a rush on a long moan. Wetness flowed out of my cunt as I came, my pussy squeezing him in rhythmic pulses.

He grabbed me by the hair and kissed me roughly again. I felt the warm slide of his come and my own juices leaking out of me. It had been the ultimate quickie: fast, furious and fucking fantastic.

We stared at each other, and then I grinned as I told him, "Let's have a chat, and see where we end up."

We didn't even have to bring it up. When we came out of the bedroom, Melissa looked at us and blurted out, "You fucked without me?"

I blushed, and so did Hank. Melissa just laughed. We sat, had wine and snacks, and talked it out. She decided the following day was the perfect time to take our friendship to the next level. She already had plans that night.

"But tomorrow, my friends, we're going to get naked," Melissa assured us.

We had coffee together in the morning, and Hank went to work as usual. Melissa and I hung out. Nothing had really changed between us. We simply had a date to fuck that night, and we were kind of giddy about it.

During our long history, Melissa and I had done just about everything together—except fuck. But I suppose the seeds were always there. We were both bisexual and had long been eyeing one another. The time was never right to make a move. But now seemed perfect.

"I was caught in a delicious push-and-pull between two of my favorite people."

Later that day, when we heard Hank's key in the door, we rushed toward it. He looked surprised to see us at first, but then grinned at our eagerness.

"Well?" he asked, appearing to ask if we were going to jump right into this thing.

The answer was yes.

"Well," I repeated more definitively before pulling his sweater off and kissing him. I unbuckled his belt and whisked it out of his belt loops.

Melissa stepped forward and popped the button on his pants. She drew down his zipper and pushed off his slacks, making them puddle around his ankles. A little awkwardly, he kicked off his shoes and extricated himself from the tangle of fabric.

With a tug of his boxer briefs, I helped his hard cock bounce into view.

Melissa looked at me and licked her lips. I nodded, giving her permission for whatever she wanted to do to my man.

She went down on one knee and took his cock in her hand. She squeezed his shaft before stroking him with her small fist. Finally, she put his cock in her mouth.

I sighed at the sight—but not as loud as Hank did.

As Melissa sucked Hank enthusiastically, he stared at me in wonder.

I asked, "Is it good?"

He nodded and beckoned me forward. I leaned in to kiss him, and he put one hand on her head as she sucked his cock; the other he pushed up under my loose sweater. I was braless, and he cupped one of my tits in his hand before stroking my nipple. Then he pinched it, and I hissed. The sensation went straight to my pussy.

I was fixated on her sucking his cock, and my pussy ached to be fucked. But I'd have to wait my turn. It was a delicious torture.

"Let's go upstairs," I said, stroking her hair.

She got up, and upstairs we went, shedding our clothes along the way.

In the bedroom, I put Hank's hand between my thighs so he could feel how wet my pussy was. Then I urged Melissa backward onto the bed, and Hank got between her legs. My pussy pulsed, wanting to be filled. Instead, as he slowly entered her I took the opportunity to lower my pussy to her pretty pink lips.

I sighed as the first swipe of her tongue brushed over me. I sank down even more to increase the pressure, still facing Hank. Melissa licked me exquisitely, and I wondered if she was tonguing me her favorite way. If so, we were a perfect match. My pussy grew even juicier, and she jammed her tongue into my wet hole.

Hank had settled in and was fucking her slowly, but with intent. His gaze locked with mine as she ate me and he

plunged into her pussy. I pinched my nipples—tugging them out and letting them go—adding a little spark of pain to my pleasure.

As his arousal escalated, he started to pump her harder and used his thumb to rub her clit. She drew her legs up and hooked them behind him to urge him in deeper. She bumped her hips up and pushed a finger into my cunt and flexed it.

When I groaned, she added a second digit. She curled them just right as she moved them in and out of my drenched pussy.

My eyes were locked with Hank's as I came. I grabbed his shoulder as my orgasm rushed over me. Melissa seemed to be right on my heels. She cried out her pleasure against my wet cunt. She squirmed beneath us, and I watched Hank slowly pull free.

But we weren't done—not by a long shot.

I moved and said to her, "Your turn."

She was sprawled languidly with her legs spread wide. I climbed between her lovely thighs and parted the folds of her pussy. I studied her rosy slit and swept my finger across her clit.

While I was busy toying with her cunt, Hank parted my cheeks and touched his tongue to my asshole. I gasped as Hank rimmed my backdoor until I thought my brain would shut down, and my desperate pussy beat a heavy tempo between my legs.

When I thought I'd damn near come from what he was doing, he moved in behind me and slid his cock along my slit. I raised my ass in invitation as I put my mouth on Melissa and licked her. She made a needy sound, and then her hands were in my hair. She tugged my head down even as she pushed her pussy up to meet my mouth.

Hank grabbed my hips and jammed his cock into my cunt. As he pumped me, he ran his fingertip along my asshole which was still slick with his spit. I arched my back, lapping at Melissa eagerly. Hank pushed his finger into my ass, and his cock into my cunt. He worked me with a wonderful rhythm, rocking me forward with every thrust and shoving my mouth against Melissa's wet cunt.

I squeezed my internal muscles around his shaft and heard him gasp. I wanted him to be teetering on edge, the same way he was making me feel.

"How's that pussy taste?" he asked.

I groaned and then Melissa groaned from the rumble of my vocals against her slit. She pulled my hair, and I hissed. I squeezed my pussy, and Hank hissed. We were all connected. I was caught in a delicious push-and-pull between my two favorite people in the world, and it was exquisite.

I pushed my fingers into Melissa's wet, hot cunt and flexed them exactly the way I liked. I felt her walls tighten

around my digits as her wetness coated my fingers.

Hank gripped my hips tighter and slammed into me faster. He stroked the small of my back, and I shivered, continuing to tongue Melissa until she came.

Her release triggered something in me. I shoved myself back against my husband, felt his dick hit the most wonderful places inside me and let go. I came, milking his cock with the force of my orgasm.

He seemed intent to continue pounding me, but I pulled away and asked Melissa, "Wanna suck a big dick with me?"

She looked over at him, then back at me and grinned.

We crawled closer and kissed each other as we knelt before him. Then I tugged her long hair until her head went back and nibbled on her graceful neck. Leaning down, I sucked her little pink nipple into my mouth, drawing on it until she gasped, then Hank called my attention back to him with a groan. Mel took a turn, kissing my breast and stroking my nipple before sucking it into her mouth and tugging on it.

"Fuck," Hank said.

"Blow is more like it," I said.

We put our mouths on him at the same time. I licked up one side as she licked up the other. At the top, we took turns sucking his cockhead, then circling it with our tongues.

We paused to kiss and then went back to him. She took her time swallowing his shaft. I stroked his balls with my fingernails the way I knew he liked. She got her lips all the way to his base and drew a deep breath in through her nose. I knew that meant he was buried all the way in and his dickhead was likely touching her throat.

He groaned again and shivered.

Melissa sucked his cock with a slow, sexy rhythm, and I was surprised he hadn't blown his load yet. Before long, I eased her away from Hank and directed him onto his back.

"Why don't you climb aboard, Melissa?" I asked. "I know you like to be on top."

She didn't hesitate. She leaned over, kissed him, then turned and kissed me. Then she got up on her knees and straddled his hips. She lowered her wet pussy down onto his dick with exaggerated care. I saw her stroking her clit as she began to move.

I straddled his legs and moved close behind her. I cupped her big tits in my hands, pinching her nipples and stroking them. I peered over her shoulder to watch Hank's face as she rode him. He looked like he might expire from pleasure alone.

I cupped her tits as she writhed on his pole, and watching them fucking made my arousal flare again, hot and sudden.

She rocked against him, then moved her hips from side to side. I moved with her.

Melissa leaned forward, her hand on his shoulders. My breasts pressed to her back as she rocked. Fascinated and turned on, I ground against her and held her.

When she came, she shuddered in my arms and Hank gripped her hips tightly. He tugged her down as he thrust upward. His rhythm was controlled chaos; I couldn't tamp down my grin.

"Get on your hands and knees, Mel," I said, guiding her into position.

When she was in place, I used her natural wetness to ease my finger into her asshole. When she responded to that by driving back against me, I added a second finger, fucking her slowly as Hank watched us. His heavy gaze told me he was on the edge.

I took his hard dick in my hand and stroked him slowly, slow enough that I knew he wouldn't come. Slow enough to keep him right there on the edge. He grunted, and I swept my thumb across the tip of his cock and then gave him a hearty squeeze.

"Come closer," I said. "Come on. Let's get your dick in her ass."

When he got closer, I touched his cockhead to her asshole and he moved forward slowly, opening her up.

"You good, Mel?" I asked.

She moaned an affirmative, and I put my hand on Hank's butt and gave him a push.

Melissa's hand was between her thighs, stroking her clit. But as he advanced, she pushed back toward him.

"There you go, push again," I said in his ear. Then I bit his earlobe and he shuddered as he drove forward some more.

Then he was entirely seated. He was in heaven, holding her tightly and driving into her in short, shallow thrusts.

Melissa continued to finger her pussy, and I moved around to her lovely face. She smiled at me as she took the pounding Hank gave her.

I ran my thumb along her lower lip and asked, "Are you going to come?"

"Yes, it's good."

I knew she loved anal. We'd had many discussions about our various sexual encounters over wine.

"Wanna help your girl out?" I asked, and she immediately nodded, making a come-hither motion with her tongue. I would have laughed if I wasn't so turned on.

I moved closer so she could reach me with her mouth. She dragged her tongue along my folds and tickled my clit but then moved on. She was being a tease. I pushed my pussy against her mouth aggressively. That's when she stopped messing around. She nudged my clitoris with her tongue, then gradually increased the pressure as she lapped and swirled in a hypnotic fashion.

"She moved her tongue faster against my pussy, and I grunted and groaned."

I gasped, threading my fingers through her thick hair. I tugged as she was rocked against me by every one of Hank's thrusts.

Hank reached his hand toward me, across her bare back. I took hold of it and squeezed.

As for Melissa, her fingers continued to fly over her pussy. She panted, her breath hot against my cunt. I guessed she was close to coming because she'd lost track of her tempo. I ground against her, holding her hair.

She came, and that was it for Hank. His eyes flew wide, and he grabbed her hips tighter, slamming deep.

"Coming—I'm coming," he said, as if I hadn't already figured that out.

Melissa's tongue moved faster against my pussy, and I grunted and groaned. But when her teeth nipped my clit, I lost it. I tugged her hair hard enough to make her gasp as juice rushed out of my cunt.

My breath came fast and hard. I felt boneless and sated, and dropped onto the bed. I had her on one side of me and Hank on the other.

"Well, how do we all feel about this experience?" I asked.

Hank raised his head, let it drop and sighed, "Five stars."

"Agreed," she said.

"It's unanimous," I said. I kissed my best friend and then my husband. It had been a damn fine night.

–A.W., Dallas, Texas

Sea Siren

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My Most Unforget Lay

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table

No Names Necessary

Jack was my good friend of many years. He was also married. You could say he was very married in that he extolled his wife's virtues at every opportunity and was an advocate for marriage in general.

I knew his wife, and she was great. But if I were yammering on about a woman the way he did about Sally, I would hope somebody would tell me to kindly stuff a sock in it.

Jack and I were out at dinner, and I was indulging him as he spoke of his wife–again.

"It's knowing her so well that makes our relationship better with each passing year," Jack crowed.

"I think you've mentioned that before," I said wryly.

He shook his head. "I don't know if you actually understand, Terry. In a good marriage like Sally and I've have, you don't get tired of the other person. I know everything about her, and she about me!" He grinned. "It also happens to make sex *amazing*."

I'd heard enough. I pushed away my empty plate and asked, "You think you have to know someone that well for the sex to be amazing?"

"Well, it can be good, but–"

"But not amazing? That's a load of shit, Jack." I signaled to the waiter, and soon we both had big glasses of brandy in front of us. I had a story to tell.

I fixed my friend with a challenging stare.

"OK, Jack, I am going to tell you about someone. I've never told this story to anyone else before."

I set the scene and launched into my tale.

I had been on break during my senior year at college and was taking the train home. Life was fresh and exciting, even though I'd had what I thought of as a lot of worldly experiences.

The train wound through snowy mountains, and the scenery was beautiful. But the lulling motion of train travel soon rocked me to sleep in my seat. I had a general ticket, so I was sitting in those seats that faced each

other where people could sit two-by-two.

The train wasn't crowded, and all the seats had been empty around me when I dozed off. Some indeterminate time later, I drifted back awake.

As I did, I realized I'd been dreaming heavily about a woman from school. I had slept with two of her friends, but she was the one I really wanted. In my dream I'd finally bagged her. We had been rolling around together naked, and I was doing everything I'd ever fantasized about to her—and she was doing it right back to me.

I woke up with a raging hard-on in my jeans.

That was when I saw the woman sitting on the seat opposite me. She was looking right at my crotch, a sexy little smile curling her lips.

I was immediately embarrassed and pulled my coat over my lap. I opened my mouth to say something, but what can you say in a situation like that?

She finally raised her gaze to my face, taking me in for a long moment. Then she slowly lifted her eyebrows, as if in invitation.

I noticed then how gorgeous she was. She sat in a model's pose on the seat, her tits thrust forward slightly and her chin tilted up a bit. Her face was delicate yet fierce, like she could turn into a jungle cat at a moment's notice.

I was still trying to figure out if those raised eyebrows really meant anything when she smoothly rose to her feet. She had perfect balance as she walked away. She headed to the nearest restroom, and I started to look away as she paused, hand on the handle, and cast her eyes back at me.

Again, the brows went up. She was clearly offering an invitation!

There were other people in the train car. They may have seen the woman go in. I waited tensely, timing two minutes on my phone. A group of passengers passed through, probably on their way to the observation car. I figured that the boisterous crowd would provide enough cover, and I moved as casually as possible to the restroom door.

Don't knock! I warned myself just in time. Instead, I turned the handle. If it was locked, I'd misread everything.

It wasn't locked.

I entered. The space was far roomier than an airplane bathroom. Two people could stand up in there.

But I was the only one standing. The woman was sitting up on the edge of the stainless-steel sink. She'd pulled her skirt up to her hips, and her sheer panties were dangling from her left toes, which bounced playfully up and down.

Her eyes locked with mine as she continued unbuttoning her blouse. She peeled it over her shoulders, exposing her creamy tits and the sweet pink nipples topping them.

My cock was instantly hard again, and I stood there, stunned. At least I'd had the wherewithal to close the door behind me and lock it.

"She was expertly pumping my shaft, and excitement raced through my body."

I started to speak again, because now I had to say something. But she lifted a dainty finger to her lips and silently shushed me.

In almost the same motion, she reached out and grabbed my shirt, pulling me toward her. Our mouths collided, and she speared her tongue between my lips. I ground my face on hers as we Frenched wildly.

Her hands were still busy, now undoing the fly of my jeans. I couldn't believe how fast our encounter was progressing. There'd been no seduction, no negotiation, nothing beyond her raising her eyebrows at me!

My cock sprang free, and she closed her hand around my shaft, and I gasped. I groped her bare tits, sinking my fingers into her lush mounds. Her nipples had come to life, and I pinched the erect nubs delicately, then not so delicately as she moaned into my mouth.

She was expertly pumping my shaft, and excitement raced through my body. I still felt the sway of the train as it continued to wind through the mountains. Outside our little cubicle, passengers were no doubt watching the scenery, unaware of the two people going at it inside the restroom.

We continued to kiss fiercely, and she pushed my T-shirt up my torso and caressed my bare pecs. I was still tweaking her nips.

Suddenly, I wanted to put my mouth somewhere else, and I went to my knees. The sink was at the perfect height. She spread her luscious thighs wider, pulling her skirt all the way to her waist. I had complete access.

Her hairless slit gleamed with arousal, and I drew in her scent, which sent a shiver through me. She slouched back against the mirror above the sink, pushing her pussy further forward.

I put out my tongue and licked around her damp outer folds. Her taste stung my tongue deliciously, but I knew there were deeper flavors awaiting me.

I lapped her cleft up and down thoroughly before finally delving inside with my tongue tip. I felt her heat, felt her slickness, and her hips jerked at my touch. Her fingers wound into my hair.

As I quested deeper, her full feminine taste hit me. This woman was a total blank to me. But I was turned on as never before in my life. This was like a fantasy turned reality.

I ate her harder, and as I did, her grip tightened in my hair. I didn't mind that at all; in fact, I started to really like it. My tongue zeroed in on her swollen clit. As I teased and coaxed the lovely nub, she yanked my hair at the roots and humped aggressively against my face.

She made a strangled mewling sound, her naked thighs closing around me. Suddenly, her love liquid was filling my mouth. I swallowed eagerly, feeling a thrill course all through me. She jammed her pussy hard on my mouth as she came.

When I rocked back panting, she

grabbed me and pulled me to my feet. The first thing she did was kiss me deeply, sucking on my tongue. Then she licked off all the excess juice on my lips and chin. The next thing she did was take my cock in her hand again. This time she guided it right to her pussy's slick brim.

My cock was a heat-seeking missile. I slotted myself into her and slowly fed her my shaft. More than one woman at school had said I had a big cock, and as this chick's eyes widened, I had the feeling she'd agreed.

When I was all the way in, I made sure I had a firm stance. My jeans and briefs were around my ankles. She was poised securely on the sink's edge. Her fevered eyes bored into mine, and she grinned like a feral she-cat.

It wasn't a delicate coupling. My cock was desperately hard, and her pussy was streaming, and our time was *now*. Besides, somebody was bound to knock on the door at any minute wanting to use the facilities.

I stroked hard into her, and she responded to my every thrust. With every gasping breath, she pushed her bare tits out.

I plowed her deep, bottoming out her pussy. My balls simmered, and my flesh crawled with excitement. I felt a circle of sweat pop out on my back between my shoulder blades.

My body moved like an engine. I screwed her like this was the greatest fuck of my life, and some part of me knew that it was just that.

She held on to my shoulders as her head swayed back and forth.

I felt my crisis point approaching; my excitement mounted and mounted. Before long, her lovely face clenched. Her pussy grasped me like a slick fist, and my come began to jet out of me. Each spurt was a new kind of pleasure, and at the same time she came rapturously.

I pulled up my pants, and she rearranged her clothing. She nodded me toward the door and put her finger to her lips when I made to speak. I slipped out. Two minutes later she emerged and went the other way, into another train car.

"I never saw her again," I said to Jack, who gaped at me across the table. I took a smug swallow of brandy. "And I never knew her name. But I will never forget that lay."

–T.R., via email

Sibling Revelry

My dad remarried when I was 14, and I suddenly had a stepsister, Marissa. This was fine, except she was my age and distractingly pretty. I was a hormonal adolescent, so I spent the four years before college pining for her, as inappropriate as that might me. We'd just been too different in the end.

She was easy to fall for. She had the biggest grin, long blonde hair and an amazing body. I was significantly less easy to fall in love with at that time, so our relationship was casual and friendly.

We parted ways for college, only occasionally talking to each other on the phone or seeing each other at family events. And then my dad and her mom divorced, and we were no longer related at all. I figured I would never see her again.

Well, when I was 35, my dad announced some big news. He was going to remarry his ex, which meant I was getting my stepsister back.

That was weird and annoyingly fickle of my dad, but whatever. I was a successful lawyer at that point, and I'd long since moved past my childhood crush on Marissa.

The first time I saw her again was a few weeks before the wedding at another family event, and holy shit, had she gotten even hotter with age. She was toned and tan, with perfectly curled blonde hair and the kind of figure that makes a man look twice.

We didn't get to talk much. She was busy with her cousins, and I was busy drinking and socializing. But there was a moment when we met on the dance floor and something intense crackled between us. She had been dancing, but she stumbled into me when she spun around, and I caught her. We stared at each other for a few seconds, and I was gratified to see her eyes drift from my face down to my shoulders and chest.

"Hey, sis," I said.

That broke the spell, and she grinned before returning to dancing. But I caught her looking at me frequently over the rest of the night.

Our next interaction was at a dinner at my dad's house with the extended family in attendance. It was still before the wedding, which meant we weren't yet officially stepsiblings again. Coincidentally, my dad seated us next to each other at the table.

It was weird at first. What do you say to someone you knew during high school and then didn't speak to for over a decade? We figured it out, though, and soon we were chatting about our lives. I learned that Marissa worked in marketing and was still single. She tossed that last tidbit in without me asking, so I told her I was single, too.

As the dinner progressed and the wine flowed, our conversation got quieter and more intense. It started with her digging in to the reasons I was still single and led to me asking what she looked for in a man. She pointedly looked at my crotch and said, "Stamina." Then she placed a hand on my thigh, and my dick instantly stiffened.

"I have to go to the bathroom," I said, placing my napkin on the table as I rose to my feet. "Maybe you do, too?"

She shifted in her chair, and I had a feeling her pussy was getting just a little wet.

"In a few minutes, yeah. There's one on the second floor, right?"

"There sure is."

By the time I got to the bathroom, my cock was painfully erect. I pulled my dick out and leaned back against the wall, stroking myself while I waited for Marissa to show up. It was crazy, maybe even wrong, but we were adults now, and by God did I want to fuck my former stepsister.

The doorknob turned, and she slipped inside the bathroom. She stopped at the sight of me stroking myself, and for a moment, I worried I had misunderstood the situation, but then she lunged at me. Our lips met, and she immediately plunged her tongue into my mouth.

Her hips were pressed against my erection, and she ground against it mercilessly. I gasped at the friction. Marissa was clearly angling for control, and while that was as hot as hell, I didn't want to come too quickly.

I reversed our positions, pushing her back against the wall. I grabbed the hem of her dress and tugged it up. She

wasn't wearing panties, the naughty girl. I touched her cunt the moment she grabbed my dick, and we both moaned.

She was wet already, and when I slid a finger into her, she bit my shoulder through my dress shirt. I crooked the finger inside her, and she groaned as her pussy clenched around me.

"How do you like it, sis?" I asked. The taboo nature of our encounter was thrilling me.

"So long as it ends with me on top, I'm fine," she panted. Then she added the forbidden word: "Brother."

We weren't related, hadn't seen each other in more than ten years, and yet what we were doing felt wrong in the best possible way. I added a second finger, stretching her tight pussy, and she cranked my dick harder in response.

"We don't have a lot of time," she said, and then she dropped to her knees and started sucking me. I groaned and braced a hand against the wall as her lips sank down to the base of my dick. She fluttered her tongue against my shaft as she bobbed her head.

but so turned on that every stroke made a filthy wet sound. I pumped into her, enjoying the squeeze of her body around me and the hazy look of pleasure that came over her face. She ground herself against me, using her legs for leverage as she met me stroke for stroke.

"I think you like being my sister," I told her, and her pussy clenched as I spoke the words.

"Imagine all the family events we'll have to go to," she said, wrapping her arms around my neck.

This position was great, but I wanted her every way I could have her in the limited minutes we had left, so I pulled out and flipped her onto her belly. I covered her body with mine, then slid a hand beneath her to tilt her hips and fucked her from behind. She gripped the bathmat desperately, and her hips pumped up against me. But she didn't have the leverage to set the pace. I was totally in control in this position, holding her hips at exactly the right angle while I fucked her as deep as I wanted. She gasped and flexed, her cunt squeezing and guided me into her pussy.

She immediately started a rhythm that made me wonder if she'd failed to tell me about her second career as a rodeo queen. Her hips rocked and her thighs flexed, and just watching that sinuous movement would have been phenomenal, but being inside her while she writhed was pure paradise. She braced her hands on my chest as she rode me, and her long blonde hair swung down to brush against my body.

I reached beneath her dress to grip her ass, loving the way her hips rolled over me. The rhythm intensified, and she rose almost all the way off me with each stroke before slamming back down and taking me to the hilt. I grunted and closed my eyes, trying to focus on anything that might stop me from coming too quickly.

"You like my pussy," she said. "And you like it when I pin you down and ride you."

And yep, I sure did, but that wasn't helping my mental struggle to hold out until she came. I moved one hand to the front and reached for her clit, and she

"It was crazy—but we were adults, and by God did I want to fuck my former stepsister."

I couldn't let her do all the tasting, though, so I shoved her onto her back on the fluffy bathmat. Then I scooted between her legs and returned the favor, licking all over her sweet cunt as she moaned and bucked her hips against my face.

"In me," she ordered. "Now."

I looked up and asked, "Condom?"

"Shit." She eyed the drawers of the bathroom counter. "Maybe your dad has one."

That wasn't what I wanted to think about, but I was willing to do just about anything to get in that tight pussy, so I ransacked the bathroom until I found a box of condoms. I slid one on—I still hadn't removed my pants, not wanting to waste a single second—then got on top of her, pressed my rubber-covered dick against her wet cunt and thrust in deep.

She arched her back and moaned at the penetration, and her legs lifted to wrap around my waist. She was tight

me as I dominated her completely.

She'd told me she wanted to be on top at the end, so I paced myself, not going too fast. Instead, I focused on force and depth, pumping into her with long strokes that made her whimper whenever my hips came flush with hers. Feeling generous, I moved the hand beneath her to cover her clitoris, and every thrust sent her clit rubbing across my fingers.

"Fuck, you're good at this," she said.

"I'm all grown up," I told her, thrusting into her hard enough to make her gasp.

She took the deep dicking for a while, panting and whimpering into the bathmat as her pussy squeezed me. But then she bumped her hips up sharply, and I knew she wanted to change position.

"All right," I said, easing out of her and taking her place on the bathmat. "Show me what you've got."

And fuck, she sure did. She straddled me, then slipped a hand under her dress

eased her strokes so I could rub her. Her rhythm faltered, and I recognized the telltale sign of a woman on the brink, so I rubbed her clit faster. Soon she was shuddering on top of me, her cunt clenching rhythmically around my erection. I thrust up into her a few more times and came harder than I had in years.

We cleaned up quickly and checked each other's outfits to make sure we looked normal, although there was no fixing some of it. Then she preceded me out of the bathroom, and I followed a few minutes later.

For the rest of dinner, my soon-to-be stepsister and I sat with our knees brushing, and when dessert arrived, her hand found its way into my lap.

There would be plenty of family events to come, but we made the most of that one. It was one hell of a reunion.

–K.J., Las Vegas, Nev.

My Tropical Tryst

You know those little ocean huts that sit on stilts? I've always wanted to vacation at one, so I finally decided to treat myself to a trip—one week on the water, with just me, myself and I. At least that was the plan. It turned out that over those seven days I ticked a lot more off my bucket list than I'd ever anticipated.

Most of the other guests at the resort were honeymooners who kept to themselves—except for one couple, Stu and Dee. We met snorkeling and just clicked. Suddenly, I found myself invited to be part of a threesome.

It all started innocently enough. My bungalow was actually next to theirs—a coincidence that sure felt like fate to us. We were walking back from dinner when Dee grabbed my hand and encouraged me to run ahead with her toward the pier. She broke away from me long enough to strip her sundress over her head and toss it to the ground.

Her bikini bottoms were next to go. She gave the skinny strings at the sides a tug and let the tiny triangles of fabric fall to her feet.

Gloriously naked, Dee stood there for a moment and smiled at her husband and then at me. Her blue eyes sparkled with mischief when she nodded at me and asked, "What are you waiting for?"

Then she dove from the pier into the turquoise sea, her lithe body making a perfect arc as it sliced through the water.

Feeling bold after a few too many daiquiris, I followed suit and stripped my dress and bathing suit off before jumping into the water. When I rose above the waves, I saw Dee just a few feet away. She swam over, reaching me in a couple of strokes. To my surprise, she didn't stop alongside me. Instead, she wrapped her arms and legs around me in a full-body hug. Dee was horny, and she clearly didn't have a problem letting me know it.

If any doubts remained in my mind regarding my new friend's intentions, they were erased the second her lips fell on mine. I just kissed her back. It was a crushing lip-lock—hot, wet and frantic as we worked to stay afloat at the same time. Our hands were everywhere, touching every inch of skin we could find while we kicked our feet to keep our heads above water.

At some point, Stu called out to us, coaxing us out of the water with the promise of champagne and a comfortable king-size bed. We continued our makeout

session on the dock. Dee was on me the second we climbed out of the water. She ran her hand down my back, charting my curves from my shoulders to my ass. She even crept lower, skating across my asscrack and dipping between my thighs. Her fingers caressed my slit, exciting my body with the promise of what would come behind closed doors.

When we finally stumbled into the bungalow, Stu was already inside waiting with three flutes of chilled bubbly.

I accepted one gladly, watching with interest as Dee turned her attention from me to her husband.

As I watched her palm Stu's crotch, I felt a fiery blush spread from my cheeks to my neck to my chest. The thickness of his erection was evident, even though he was still clad in his linen pants. His dick tented the delicate material.

In truth, I was excited that Stu intended to join us. Hooking up with his wife while he watched would have been hot, but bringing him into the mix would be undoubtedly better.

Dee reached out and pulled me close to her and Stu. We stood there in a sort of triangle, taking turns kissing and pawing at one another.

After a few minutes, I realized Stu and Dee weren't playing with each other anymore. Instead, they flanked me on both sides. Stu's lips grazed my neck as he worked his way down to my collarbone. He nibbled and sucked at me, making the super-fine hairs on the back of my neck stand on end.

At the same time, Dee skimmed her hands over my abs and up to my tits. She fanned her fingers, spreading them to tease my nipples. She pinched my aching nubs with her nimble digits, applying enough pressure to make me feel a twinge of pleasure in my pussy.

My new friends walked me backward, pulling me with them onto the expansive mattress. Rose petals littered the bed—a sweet amenity the resort offered honeymooning couples. The three of us rolled around, crushing the petals so they filled the room with their sweet perfume. The silkiness of the petals contrasted sharply with the coarser texture of the bed's cotton comforter.

Just like when we were standing, Stu and Dee arranged themselves on either side of my body. While Dee continued to focus all of her attention on my breasts, Stu moved further down, finding his way between my legs. Like his wife, he appeared to have a bit of an oral fixation. His lips immediately descended on my pussy.

Stu sucked on my labia one at a time, teasing me with the wet heat of his mouth. His hand rested on my leg with his thumb teasing the flesh right near my hip. He stroked the sensitive skin, exciting all the nerves below. The sensations sparked a pleasant flutter in my pussy, magnifying the effects of his mouth.

While Stu used one hand to slowly stoke the fire smoldering inside me, he kept the other busy playing with his wife's clit. The breathy moan that caused Dee to break our kiss tipped me off to that.

Knowing that Stu could get me and Dee off at the same time made the whole experience even more exciting. Every time a jolt of pleasure rocked Dee's body, her fingers would flex on my breasts. That meant even more pressure on my nipples and even more pulsing in my pussy.

Dee's attention to my tits, coupled with Stu's skillful tongue on my clit, was an explosive combination. Liquid arousal seeped from my hole. All the while, the pulse in my pussy beat stronger and faster, growing in intensity.

My body thrashed on the bed when I fell over the edge. Though I'd reached my peak at record speed, the orgasm itself seemed never-ending. Each time I thought I would finally catch my breath, another shock of pleasure would rock me to my core.

When my body stopped trembling enough for me to get my bearings, I opened my eyes to see Stu standing by the edge of the bed with his cock in his fist. He smiled, absently stroking his shaft while he met my gaze.

Feeling bold, I decided to ask the question niggling at the back of my mind: "Which of us are you going to fuck?"

"A good host always tends to his guest first," he replied.

He took hold of my calves and tugged me until my ass was perched at the edge of the mattress. I locked my ankles behind his back, and he impaled me with his cock.

Stu's generous girth stretched me wide, filling me up completely. As the very last inch of his shaft disappeared inside me, a long, loud groan fell from my lips. Then Dee crawled closer, and I reached out to grab her thigh, gesturing for her to sit on my face.

Dee got the message. She swung one leg over my head and carefully lowered herself over me. Her pussy was beautifully bare, the skin as smooth as satin.

I laid a gentle kiss on her clit to start, easing her into what I knew would be a feast of epic proportions. Her skin tasted salty after our dip in the ocean, adding a savory element that enhanced the tang of her natural juices.

Every time Stu's fucking made me moan, I tried to harness the sound to stimulate Dee's pussy. Her soft folds felt like heaven on my lips, and she tasted even better.

With his rhythm growing choppy and his grunts getting louder, Stu was clearly reaching his limits. So I knew I would need to do more to ensure Dee came along with us. Right as I felt the muscles inside my pussy start to quicken, I reached around and pinched her clit with my fingers.

Dee's thighs clenched hard on either side of my head. She was moaning and shaking, so close to coming. Suddenly, a rush of warm liquid gushed from her body, coating my lips and chin.

Seconds later, Stu filled my pussy with come. He slammed into me until every last drop of his seed was transferred to my body as I succumbed to my own release.

This orgasm was even stronger than the last. I wriggled and writhed on the bed, twisting the sheets into such a wild web that I got caught up in the fabric.

When my body finally relaxed enough and I opened my eyes again, Dee and Stu were already headed to the back patio to enjoy their private hot tub. They invited me to join them, so I got my ass off the bed, grabbed the bottle of champagne and followed them outside, more than ready to begin the next phase of our evening.

–S.C., via email

Have you had an incredible sexcapade that's too good to keep to yourself? Share your story with your fellow readers. Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MUL, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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Wicked Wives

Here's a not so well-kept secret about suburban housewives, at least the pampered ones: We've got a lot of extra time to kill. Our little crew from the cul-de-sac had tried everything from kitchenware parties to book clubs to makeup pyramid schemes before we finally found the one product we could all get onboard with—top-of-the-line sex toys.

Our obsession started out innocently enough. One member of our group held a party at her home while our husbands were at work. The wine and bubbly were flowing, and before long we'd graduated from visually inspecting the toys to physically testing them right in the middle of Shannon's living room.

At first, everyone stuck to using the toys on themselves. Then Rosie lost her grip on a vibrator and the next thing I knew, three other women were clustered around her, working together to get Rosie off.

After that wild afternoon, sex-toy parties became our thing. We each took turns hosting weekly demonstrations in our homes, wiling away hours in the pursuit of pleasure.

One day stands out in my mind. We were meeting in Susan's living room this time. She held up a toy that I can best describe as one part strap-on and one part double-ended dildo. It was L-shaped, featuring one thick, stubby side that would sit inside the woman "wearing" the toy, and a longer, slightly thinner end meant to penetrate her partner.

Susan ran her hands over both ends of the toy as she looked at the rest of the women in the room, choosing her prey. Her eyes fell right on me.

"Erica, you look like you could use a good pounding."

Because we were in Susan's home, she hadn't bothered getting fully dressed, since we all usually wound up naked anyway. Instead, she wore a short, thin silk robe that barely covered her recently acquired double-D breasts—a gift to herself on her last birthday.

"Get on the coffee table so I can stand behind you."

Always eager to try out a new toy, I pulled my skimpy sundress over my head and climbed onto the sturdy table. Knowing that doggy was Susan's

favorite position when playing with a strap-on, I got on all fours and gave my ass a little wiggle.

"Very nice," she murmured in appreciation.

Susan moved around to stand at my front, arranging her body so I enjoyed a bird's-eye view of her cooch. She skimmed her hand over her belly and down her pelvis, slowly making her way to her pussy. Once her fingers settled on either side of her slit, she spread her lips wide so I could see her shiny pink center.

She dragged the short end of the dildo through her glossy folds, getting the silicone nice and wet. Once the sex toy was glistening, Susan eased it into her vagina and closed her thighs good and tight.

Now, all I could see was a long, pink dong jutting out from between Susan's thighs. It bounced a little when she moved, seeming to be top-heavy—thanks to its thick, flared head.

Susan rocked her hips, making the tip of her new silicone cock tap at my lips. "Give it a kiss, Erica."

I obliged, laying a soft peck on the crown.

"You can do better than that," Susan insisted. She pushed her hips forward with more force.

Looking up at Susan from beneath lowered lids, I parted my lips and sucked the bright pink cock into my mouth. When I swirled my tongue around its bell-shaped head, the entire length of the toy wiggled between us. Judging by the way Susan groaned in response, it's safe to say the end of the toy that was seated inside her pussy moved as well.

"Enough," Susan shouted. She stepped away from the table, pulling the dildo from my mouth. A thin thread of my saliva remained attached to the toy. It stretched between us until she walked away far enough to break the connection.

Susan trailed her fingertips over my back as she moved behind me. Her nails lightly scraped along my skin, eliciting a chill that sent a shiver up my spine.

When Susan reached my backside, her hand settled atop one of my cheeks and gave it a squeeze. Her free hand skimmed over my other ass cheek and down into my crack, then she dipped a couple of fingers between my legs.

"Let's get you wetter," she said. "Someone toss me some lube!"

A tiny bottle flew over my head, followed immediately by the hollow sound of plastic connecting with Susan's supple palm. Rather than squirt the lube right onto the toy, she kicked things off by drizzling some between my ass cheeks. The thick, slippery liquid dribbled down my crack and onto my pussy, cooling my skin along the way.

Susan murmured her appreciation, "Very nice."

She twirled the tip of her rubber dick around the outside of my vagina, drawing out my natural secretions to mix with the sweet-smelling lube.

"At this point, it wasn't just my pussy spasming, but every single muscle in my body."

"All right, let's see what this bad boy can do."

Susan tightened her grip on my hip. The curved edges of her manicured nails bit into my skin, introducing a tiny amount of pain that drove me wild.

Using her hold on my hip to keep me steady, Susan prepared my pussy for entry. She circled the crown of her brand-new cock around my hole, coating it with moisture.

I tugged my lip between my teeth, preparing myself for the moment Susan would charge forward and fuck me senseless.

Still getting used to the feel of a strap-on that nestled inside her pussy instead of belting around her hips, Susan took her time entering me with the toy. But we both moaned when the shaft finally bumped to a stop. The extensive length was more than my body could accommodate. When the toy ran out of room to proceed, it bounced back on Susan, jolting the portion tucked inside her pussy.

Susan whimpered. Although her end of the toy was much shorter than my own, its generous girth seemed to provide all the stimulation she needed to get off. Once she found the right angle and rhythm, Susan became an unstoppable force. She fucked me harder, ramming the toy much deeper than I ever imagined it could go.

One thing's for sure—Susan was absolutely right when she determined I needed a good pounding. Allowing my next-door neighbor to dominate me turned out to be all I needed to make every ounce of tension leave my body.

I lifted my ass and arched my back, angling my body so the dildo hit all the right spots. Its bumpy, textured exterior massaged my walls with every thrust. Deep ridges that circled its girth rubbed directly against my G-spot, driving me to the brink at breakneck speed.

Susan had found the perfect tempo and position for fucking. Every time that dildo stroked my G-spot, another moan fell from my lips. At this point, it wasn't just my pussy spasming, but every single muscle in my body. I melted under Susan's touch. Even her keeping a hold on my hips wasn't enough to help me remain upright.

That's when my moans turned into screams. My body was no longer under my command. I was so close to coming that I could taste my release, and yet something held me back, leaving me teetering on the edge.

Rosie stepped in front of me and said, "You're getting loud, sweetie. Don't worry. I know how to quiet you down."

She dropped to her knees and scooted as close to the edge of the table as space would allow. Once Rosie stood close enough to block the other women from view, she rolled her tube top down, slowly exposing her heavy, teardrop-shaped breasts. They were at the perfect level for me to take into my mouth. That's what she wanted,

right? Her pert chocolate-chip nipples pointed right at me, urging me to suck them. I licked my lips, more than ready to taste those delectable tits.

Rosie combed her fingers through my hair and pulled my head down, directing me to her nipple. She sighed when I took the bud between my parted lips and drew it into my mouth.

When another moan threatened to escape, I sucked Rosie's tit deeper into my mouth, using her softness to muffle the sounds of my excitement. She gasped when my teeth grazed the sensitive skin surrounding her areola.

Cutting through the haze clouding my oversexed mind, I recalled that Rosie's breasts are extra-sensitive. She loves having her nipples sucked, pinched and nibbled. Seizing that bit of information, it became my mission to make Rosie scream louder than I ever have.

Pleasing Rosie was the perfect way to distract myself from my own impending orgasm. I used my tongue to flick her skin, and that drove Rosie wild. She arched her back, mashing her breast against my mouth.

Then Susan reached around to massage my clit, completely changing the game. Her skillful fingers quickly pushed me back to the precipice of pleasure. Strong contractions replaced the gentle pulse throbbing in my pussy.

My walls clenched hard around the dildo, but that didn't stop Susan from delivering the pounding she'd promised. It didn't matter that my pussy had grown impossibly tight. She fucked me harder and faster. Every time Susan drove that dildo into my hole, the end wedged inside her vagina no doubt moved, too. Meeting a bit of resistance meant the short, thick plug would shift with every thrust, stimulating her hot spot.

Now, Susan was the one screaming loud enough to alert the neighbors. Tremors rocked her body, obliterating the rhythm she'd so carefully set. Her movements became jerky and disjointed—a clear sign she'd lost control.

As much as my body loved the feeling of a hard-and-fast fuck, it was only after Susan slowed down that I finally reached my peak. All the tension coiled in my pelvis released, unleashing a wave of pure sensual pleasure.

When I came back down from my orgasmic high and opened my eyes, I found a line of friends eagerly awaiting their turn with our new toy.

–E.J., via email

Aural Fixation

About five years ago, when I was in my late 20s, I lived with a woman named Ellie. She was cool in a tattooed, hipster way, and we had a lot of interests in common. Being bisexual, I was attracted to her. Though I knew she sometimes hooked up with women, I didn't want to ruin our roommate dynamic and make a move. It's hard to find someone whose schedule and personal habits match up with yours. She was great to live with and I didn't want to rock the boat.

When Ellie started dating Dan, I got a little jealous. He was about a decade older than us and as handsome as hell. It drove me nuts to see them canoodling in our tiny apartment. They'd be nuzzling each other in the kitchen in the early mornings and cuddling on the couch at night, and I was so freaking attracted to both of them that sometimes I had to lock myself in my room and masturbate to the thought of them fucking.

The worst—or best—days were when I heard them having sex. The bed would start creaking, and then I'd hear a series of Dan's grunts and Ellie's moans. Her vocals were always intense, like he was giving her the best dicking of her life, and I couldn't help but wonder what exactly was going on in there. Were they doing it doggy-style? Reverse cowgirl? Did he ever hold her upright and fuck her against a wall?

Greedy little pervert that I am, I'd press my ear against the wall to listen while I masturbated. In fact, any noise Ellie made that sounded remotely like a sex moan made my pussy wet, and whenever Dan wrapped his arms around her and whispered in her ear, I started to sweat as my imagination ran wild.

Maybe that wasn't emotionally healthy, but I was coming harder and more frequently than I ever had before, so I didn't care.

One night I heard telltale giggles and low moans through the wall and knew they were feeling frisky and about to get freaky. I stripped off my clothes and headed for my usual creeper spot so I could eavesdrop, already starting to rub my clit in rough circles. Moisture rushed between my legs, and I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning.

With my ear pressed to the wall, I could hear them talking.

"She'd lick you here," Dan said, and Ellie whimpered.

This was interesting. Normally they didn't talk that much, and I'd never heard them fantasize about anyone. I pushed two fingers into my cunt and started fucking myself with them, imagining they were talking about me.

"We could do her together," Ellie said. "You in her ass, me eating her out."

And oh, shit, that was way too hot a visual. My body spasmed with a fast and furious climax. My orgasm was so sudden and surprising that I lost balance and had to catch myself on the wall, and the smack of my hand was as loud as my uncontrollable moan.

By the time I came down from my peak, they were silent.

I held my breath, hoping they hadn't heard the ruckus, and then a knock sounded at my bedroom door. I fumbled to slip on a loose pair of sleep shorts before greeting my visitor.

Ellie stood there in her bra and panties, and I gaped at her banging body greedily. When I snapped my eyes back to her face, she was smiling.

"What are you up to?" she asked.

"Um." I looked over my shoulder, wondering what in the world I was supposed to say to that. While I was distracted, she grabbed both my hands. The fingers of my left hand were still wet from my orgasm, and I jerked in shock when she licked my fingertips.

"I've always wondered how thin these walls are," she said. "Could you hear us just now?"

I'd been caught red-handed—or maybe wet-handed describes it better. Embarrassed but wildly aroused, I nodded. I couldn't deny it.

"Good," she said grinning, then she tugged me toward her room.

Dan was lying on the bed in his boxer briefs with his arms crossed behind his head. His torso was nicely muscled, and I openly stared at him as Ellie led me into the room. She shut the door behind us.

"She was masturbating to us," Ellie announced, holding my hand in the air like a trophy.

I found the moment mortifying, but Dan didn't look mortified. In fact, he seemed pleased. He got to his feet and walked closer to me.

"Did you hear us fantasizing about you?" he asked, gripping my chin in one big hand.

Holy shit, they had *been talking about me!*

That confirmation made heat spread over my skin.

"Yes," I whispered, unable to look away from him.

Grinning, he leaned in and kissed me.

I shouldn't have been kissing my roommate's boyfriend, but my roommate was right there. In fact, she crowded in behind me, trapping me between their bodies. I opened my mouth, letting Dan slide his tongue inside. He was a good kisser, firm and thorough. Ellie pushed me into him, and his erection pressed against my belly.

Then Ellie put her arms around me and slid her hands between us. One hand caressed my breast, and the other drifted down to the hem of my shorts. A fresh rush of moisture spilled between my legs as Ellie slipped her fingers beneath my clothing. When she curved them to cup my pussy, I whimpered.

"Greedy pervert that I am, I'd press my ear against the wall to listen while I masturbated."

"She's wet," Ellie said, slicking her fingers over me. Then she pushed two digits into my cunt and started slowly pumping. "She could probably take you right now," my roommate told Dan.

This was my wildest fantasy come to life—and apparently theirs, too. I bucked my hips back against Ellie as she alternated between fingering me and rubbing my clit. Dan kissed me the whole time, moving his hands from my face to my back and finally my ass as he helped me rock against both of their bodies.

He pulled away from me at last to say: "We want to fuck you, as I'm sure you can tell."

"I would like to be fucked," I answered, then moaned softly as Ellie pressed my clit especially hard.

And with that agreed upon, they both undressed me. It didn't take long—I wasn't wearing a bra, and I didn't have panties on under my shorts. So in seconds, I was completely naked. Dan picked me up and placed me on the bed, then dipped his head between my thighs and started eating me out. I gasped and slid my hands into his hair, overwhelmed by how quickly everything was moving.

Ellie stripped naked and knelt beside me. As Dan worked my clit with his tongue, she bent over me and started kissing me. I'd been dreaming of her lips for more than a year, and she tasted absolutely perfect. With Dan's tongue busy below, it didn't take long for me to get so keyed up that I was moaning and shifting my feet against the sheets.

He pulled back before I could climax.

"What do you think?" he asked Ellie. "Pussy or ass?"

"Pussy first," she replied with conviction. "I want to ride her face."

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!

Ellie straddled my head. Her pussy was wet and lush, and as she lowered herself closer to my lips, I lunged up, desperate to get my mouth on her. She moaned and gripped the headboard as I started licking

and sucking. Her cunt tasted incredible, and I soon found out that she loved when I wriggled my tongue inside her.

I heard the crinkle of a condom wrapper, and then felt Dan kneeling between my legs. Seconds later, his dick was sliding into me.

I moaned into Ellie's cunt when he was finally balls-deep. Dan gripped my ass tightly and began pumping into me. The encounter was overwhelming and made even better by the fact that I couldn't even see Dan. I was getting railed while my mouth was glued to my roommate's pussy, and all I could see were glimpses of her bouncing breasts and pleasure-stricken face.

I focused my flicking tongue on Ellie's clit, and she came with a shriek. When she moved off me, I protested. But then she joined Dan at that end of the bed, her fingers coasting over my clit as he fucked me.

"Hold on," she said, and I nearly groaned in frustration when Dan stopped pumping. She whispered in his ear, and then he pulled out and flipped me over onto my stomach. He tugged me onto my hands and knees, then slid into my cunt again.

I moaned, loving how deep he went at that angle. He was a big man, and every thrust made something twinge deep inside me. Distantly, I was aware of Ellie grabbing something from the nightstand—a bottle of lube. She knelt beside Dan as he fucked me, and then I felt her hand sliding between us, over my ass. Her lubricated finger brushed my asshole, and then she started pushing inside my butt.

I gasped at the intrusion. I'd taken a finger in the ass before, but with a cock inside me, it felt impossibly tight. Dan thrust slowly as she worked that finger in until it was pressed as deep as it could go.

Ellie left her digit there as she shifted closer to my side and started stroking her other hand over my back.

"Take it, baby girl," she said, and her words made my pussy clench.

Dan gradually sped up, fucking me with deep, devastating strokes. I felt stretched, crammed full of his cock and her finger, and the sensation was unimaginably good. Ellie thrust her finger in and out of my back hole in time with his cock, and the two of them together reduced me to a shivering, sobbing mess.

I needed clitoral stimulation to come, so I braced myself against the bed with one hand and slid the other one between my thighs. The three of us worked together, and soon I was coming with a shout, my pussy clenching in rhythmic waves.

When both he and Ellie gently pulled out of my body, I collapsed on my side. Ellie cuddled me face-to-face, kissing me eagerly.

"We've been fantasizing about that for ages," she said.

Dan disposed of the condom and returned to spoon me. Squeezed between them, I was the happiest girl in the world, and that was the beginning of the best roommate arrangement I've ever had.

–G.G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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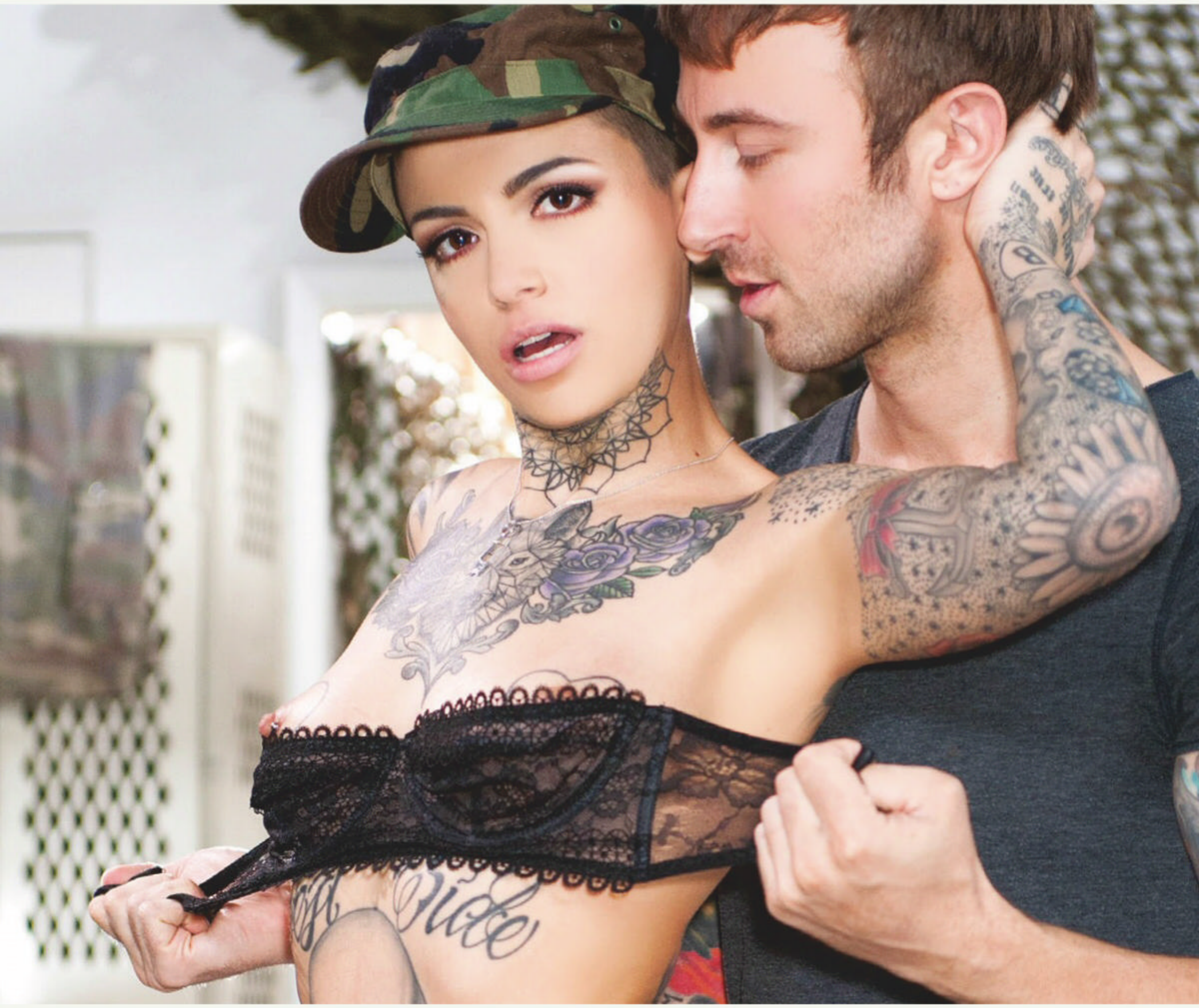

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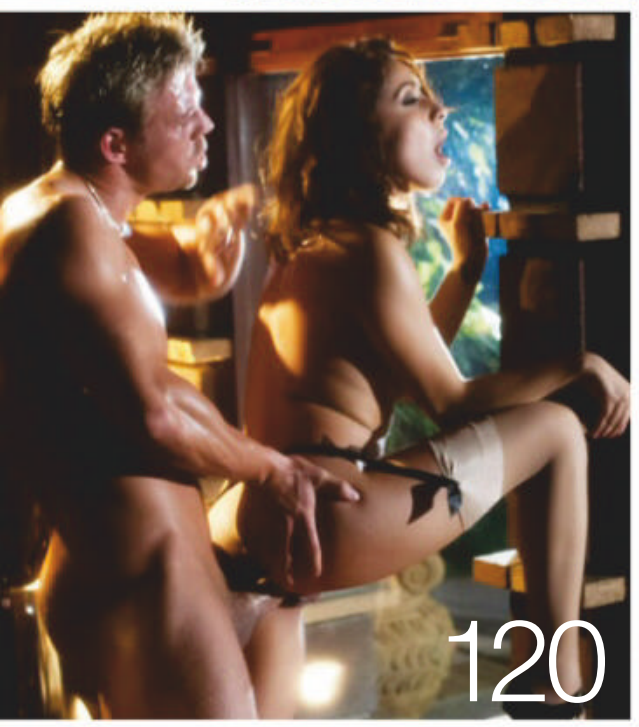


Trix's Treats

Everyone sees my husband as a high-powered CEO with a heavy hand. It's a carefully cultivated image that he's worked hard to perfect throughout his career. Of course, every professional needs a way to unwind. That's when Hank comes to see Mistress Trix–that's me, by the way.

Over the years, Hank and I have taken on very traditional roles in the public eye. As far as everyone else is concerned, he brings home the bacon, and I fry it in the pan. The fact that I do so while wearing a black latex catsuit my husband purchased during a business trip to Amsterdam is little more than an extraneous detail.

Most evenings, Hank will come home tired and worn out after a long day of phone calls followed by meetings, and then even more phone calls. He knows that all he has to do is sit in our special chair and Mistress Trix will come to take care of him.

What makes the chair so special? While it might appear to be a regular dining chair at first glance, it's actually equipped with a series of hidden straps and restraints–items that Mistress Trix knows how to manipulate to make Hank feel at ease.

The best part of these hidden restraints is that if you don't know where to find them, you'd never suspect that the chair is anything but ordinary, allowing us to leave it on display in our home. So many times, Hank and I have shared a knowing glance when an unsuspecting guest sinks into the seat. It's our dirty little secret.

After one particularly grueling day, Hank headed straight for the chair the moment he stepped foot in the house. Sensing that my man needed extra special care that night, I slipped up the back staircase and headed to my closet, where I donned his favorite outfit from Mistress Trix's wardrobe.

With my leather corset perfectly laced and my thigh-highs carefully clipped in place, I grabbed my riding crop and headed down to our living room.

When I entered the room, Hank was already dutifully waiting in his chair with his eyes closed. Not looking at me directly was one of the many rules we'd hammered out throughout our

domme/sub relationship. I didn't want him to see me when I entered the room as Mistress Trix; I wanted him to feel me. Taking away his sight meant that he had to rely on sound and scent to know when his domme was ready to play.

He also had already taken off his shirt and pants—another rule I loved to see him follow. If I tie a man up while he's still fully clothed, I find myself hard-pressed to strip that unwanted fabric off later on. I didn't like wasting my time cutting through expensive clothes. Besides, those were signs of corporate bondage, and that's simply not my brand.

I walked across the glossy parquet floor, taking extra care to make certain my six-inch heels clicked with every step. Click, clack. Click, clack. I could see Hank's grip grow tighter on the arms of the chair as I closed the distance between us.

"Did my little puppy have a hard day?" I cooed.

"Yes, Mistress Trix, one client just would not—"

The loud crack of my riding crop connecting with Hank's thigh cut his sentence short.

"No discussing work here. You know that's against Mistress Trix's rules, you naughty boy." I brushed my fingers over his cheek. "But don't you worry, Mistress Trix is going to make you feel better."

Slowly, I ran the tip of my riding crop up Hank's chiseled abdomen, allowing the leather to tickle his skin and awaken all the nerves underneath. When I reached the curve of one well-defined pectoral muscle I stopped and waited.

"Do you think you can keep still for Mistress Trix?"

Knowing what came next, Hank grit his teeth and scrunched his eyes up real tight.

"Yes, Mistress Trix."

Filling with pride for my well-behaved sub, I raked my fingers through his hair and offered a token of praise: "Good boy."

Then I pulled the crop back and brought it back down right on his nipple. Thwack! His skin turned an impressive shade of red, just like his favorite power tie. What a fashionable submissive!

Pleased to see that Hank didn't even flinch, I decided to push his limits a tiny bit more before I broke out the restraints. One side of his chest was already covered with beautiful splotches of red, so I set out to make the other match.

Gently, I skimmed the crop over his skin, making my way to the other side of his torso. When the leather bumped against his nipple, I didn't stop. I circled the rounded nub instead. When Hank's nipple looked erect enough to cut glass, I lifted the crop up and positioned it way back behind my head. Aiming carefully, I brought the keeper down hard onto the swollen bud. Bull's-eye! It was a direct hit.

"Filling with pride for my well-behaved sub, I offered a token of praise: 'Good boy.'"

This time, Hank wasn't quite so stoic. His muscles grew tense as he hissed a breath through his perfect, pearly-white teeth. It was time to strap him up.

I bent next to the chair and busied myself, releasing the leather straps that were hidden away in their compartments. One for each wrist sat secretly tucked beneath each arm of the chair. There was also a strap for each ankle cleverly disguised as decorative leather accents that climbed the chair's front legs.

The arm and leg restraints are very cool features, but my personal favorite is the straps that are carefully stuffed into the chair's tufted sides. Reaching into the crease where the seams for the tailored fabric met will reward anyone who bothers to look with straps meant to span a person's hips, waist and chest. I planned to use every last one.

I tended to his wrists and ankles first, making certain the leather bands were just tight enough to bite into his skin. Then I moved around to face him and focused on the straps that would keep his hips and chest firmly in place.

Once he was good and secure in his seat, I took a step back to admire my work. Hank's eyes were open now, which is only acceptable after he's been properly restrained. A sly smile tugged at the corner of my lips. I love seeing my big, powerful husband all trussed up and at my mercy.

I dragged my riding crop over each ridge in his well-defined abs, counting each one off with a light snap of the crop. When I reached the top, I brought down the implement again, this time with much more force.

Hank let out a long, loud growl when the leather connected with his skin. He was white-knuckling the arms of the chair, gripping them so hard a stranger might think he was experiencing true pain.

But Mistress Trix knows better than that.

Hank loves my riding crop. He loves the smell, touch and taste of its leather tip, the way it singes his skin and leaves bright red marks behind. It takes more than lukewarm taps to get my man off.

Of course, pacing is very important, and I decided it was time for a tiny break.

I took a walk around my submissive, allowing the crop's keeper to trail over his skin. I traced a path from his chest to his bicep, then up onto his shoulder.

As I traveled around to Hank's broad back, my trusty crop followed, trailing over his strong shoulders. When I reached the other side, I skimmed over Hank's collarbone—one of his most sensitive patches of skin that's so perfect for nibbles, kisses, and, well, riding crops. Then back I went, down his arm and over his chest, right back to where I started.

I bent down low so Hank and I could see eye-to-eye and told him: "We're just getting warmed up."

Like a flash, I lifted the crop over my

head and brought it down onto his thigh. The resounding thwack that followed echoed throughout the living room.

Another fun thing happened when the crop collided with Hank's skin—his dick rose hard and high. Always ready to up the ante, I issued the same treatment to his other thigh. Now both of Hank's legs were the same sexy shade of red. Better still, his erection went from hard to raging. I could see the first clear bit of pre-come beading on his crown. My mouth watered while my mind urged me to bend down and take a little taste.

I bowed my head, allowing my lips to hover suggestively over Hank's cock for a moment before finally taking him in my mouth. The tangy taste of pre-ejaculate blended with the musky scent of sweat and soap that was so uniquely Hank.

I opened my jaw wide and eased his dick inside until it tapped at the back of my throat, then I slowly sucked my way back up to the crown and started the process anew. Once I was confident his shaft was good and wet, I rose back up to my full height and spun around, ready to take us both on a bumpy ride.

Hank's dick bobbed between my open legs. It's the one part of his body I'll never restrain—unless, of course, you count fisting his girth before urging him into my hole, which is exactly what I did next. His helpless groans sounded so sweet. I had to have him.

With Hank's dick buried deep inside me, I was able to sit my ass quite comfortably on his lap. I stayed like that for a second, allowing us both to get acclimated, then I bounced up and down on his dick like a goddamn pogo stick.

Within minutes, we were both sweaty and panting. The leather of my corset slipped against Hank's slickened chest, but even that extra friction couldn't slow me down. I didn't stop moving until I felt Hank's seed surge into my channel, filling me with proof that I had the power to make one of the country's most powerful men bow to me.

–M.T., Richmond, Va.

A Brand-New Chapter

“My handprint appeared on her skin like magic as her cunt clenched me like a fist.”

Molly was such an obvious submissive. I met her at my book club, and she would study me surreptitiously but immediately avert her eyes if I looked at her. She had this habit of crossing and uncrossing her legs nervously the closer she sat to me.

The night I took the seat directly next to hers, I thought she might start a fire with all the friction from the crossing and uncrossing. Her nervousness made me smile. She happened to look up just as I studied her long, lean legs. So, of course, she uncrossed them. Before she could cross them in the opposite direction, I leaned in and said, “Don’t.”

I put just enough steel in my voice to make sure she understood I was giving her an order. I wanted to see what she would do.

What she did was keep her lovely legs together. Both feet on the floor. Legs uncrossed. She did this for the rest of the discussion about what I considered possibly the worst book ever written.

I knew she was recently separated, having heard her and another book club member talking. I also knew if I mused about her too long, my dick got hard. Thinking about making her crawl to me was one of my favorite daydreams. Tying her up and smacking what I was sure was a very pretty pussy was another.

After a few weeks of jacking off every time I thought about her, I leaned over one night and said, “You’re coming home with me.”

Her big blue eyes went wide. Although she barely wore any makeup at all, she still somehow managed to be the most stunning woman in the room. Right then, the blush in her cheeks was from surprise and arousal, not the cosmetics counter.

She gave a nod and looked at her lap. Her hands warred with each other there, clasping and unclasping—until I said, “Don’t.”

Once again she stilled, palms pressed flat to her lap as the discussion droned on. But I could tell by the way she shifted every few minutes and by the continued red in her cheeks that her cunt was wet under those faded jeans.

Outside, she stood next to me, and I nodded to my car and said, “I’ll drive you.”

“OK,” she replied.

I took her hand and squeezed it. She squeezed back. Her breath was rough, and I

had to ask: “Are you scared of me?”

She looked up and answered, “No.”

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Yes,” she said, her voice a breathy whisper.

“Will you be a good girl?” My mouth curled into a smile.

“Oh, yes,” she said.

I tilted her head back and kissed her before saying, “I knew you would be.”

We were illuminated by the parking-lot lights, and people were still filtering out. I gave her ass a hearty smack in front of anyone who cared to see. A little cry leapt out of her, but she remained standing right where she was, not saying a word. If that’s what I wanted to do, clearly that’s what I could do.

We got in the car. I put it in gear—my hand on her leg and my foot to the gas—and off we went. She was shifting again, and I dragged my fingertips up to the very top of her thigh where her leg met her pussy. That lovely junction.

She murmured something, and I asked, “What?”

She shook her head.

I repeated myself: “What?”

She looked away, shaking her head again and looking rather sheepish.

I removed my hand from her thigh, and at the next intersection did a U-turn.

“What are you doing?” she asked, her eyes wider than before—which I’d thought was impossible.

“Turning around. I asked you a direct question, and you refused to answer.”

“I said, ‘I want you to touch me.’ But then I was embarrassed. Please, I want to go home with you.”

I did another U-turn, silencing her pleas.

“If I ask you a question, you answer. Understand?”

“Yes,” she responded immediately.

This time, when I pushed my hand high on her leg, I covered her pussy. And then I squeezed.

After we’d arrived and entered the house, I dropped my keys in the bowl on the foyer’s table and stared at my pretty little submissive.

“Arms up,” I said.

She raised them immediately. I tugged her sweater over her head and watched her long blonde hair tumble around her face. I pulled off her bra and then popped the button on her jeans. I pushed them down and was pleased to find her bare underneath. No panties.

“Hmm,” I said, putting the crotch of her jeans to my nose. “I can smell your pussy.”

I went to the sofa and sat. Then I opened my jeans, pulled out my cock and stroked myself.

Across the room, she watched, licking her lips.

“Get down and crawl to me, kitten.”

She went down on her knees, then put her hands on the floor. She crawled to me slowly, her breasts pretty and pert, shimmying with each movement. She moved slowly and deliberately. I knew her pussy must be a river, but she took her time.

Impressive.

She got to me and stayed there, waiting.

“Suck my cock. No hands.”

She pushed her mouth slowly over my dick. She sucked on me like a lollipop, and I had to swallow my own moan. She pushed her mouth down my length, dragging her wet tongue along my skin teasingly.

I put my hand on her head and pushed her a bit farther, making her gag a little. She wiggled her ass from side to side, which surely meant the thumping pressure of excitement was pounding in her pussy, like a second heartbeat.

Exactly as instructed, she didn't use her hands. She just sucked my cock until I wrapped her long hair around my fist, tugged and said, "Enough."

She stopped, sitting back on her haunches.

"Stand and put your hands on the wall. Wait for me."

She went to precisely where I'd pointed, putting her palms on the wall and spreading her legs. From the way she tilted her hips, I could see the wet redness of her pussy—and how ready she was to be fucked.

While she stood there waiting, I made myself a drink. I took a sip and poured a glass of wine for her. For afterward. I took my sweet time, making her wait, making her anticipate. When I glanced at her, I saw her shifting from foot to foot, pushing her ass back, moving in any way she could to help relieve the pressure in her pussy.

Finally I gave in, putting us both out of our misery.

I wrapped her hair around my hand again, tugged her head back and bit her earlobe before scraping my teeth down her neck.

"Do you want my cock inside you?"

She tried to nod, but I had her hair pulled tight.

"Use your words."

"Yes, I do."

"How long have you wanted it?"

What can I say? I was curious.

"Since I started the book club."

"I've made you wait."

"I know."

I pulled her away from the wall a smidge, so she was angled upward a little more. Then I rubbed my cockhead against her wetness, feeling the tip slide into her warm, drenched pussy. She moaned.

"I was trying to figure out if you were my type of girl."

When she remained silent, I smacked her ass hard enough that it made my ears ring. But I felt her snug pussy grow even tighter.

"I am," she gasped.

I laid down three hard smacks on the same ass cheek. My handprint appeared on her pale skin like magic as her cunt clenched me like a tight, wet fist.

"Someone likes being punished," I said, biting her neck once more and giving her three more sharp raps on the rump.

She shuddered beneath me, trying to pull in a breath. I took that moment to thrust into her fully, driving hard and fast as I possessed her.

She groaned, and I felt the ripple of her pussy muscles around my shaft. So eager. So ready. She was on the verge of coming, and we were just getting started.

"Do you think you'd like to come here with me every time after book club?" I asked, putting extra emphasis on the word "come." Then I tugged her hair again and felt her clench around me.

She started to speak a beat too late. I'd already started to spank her again. I held her hair with one hand, smacked her ass with the other and pounded into her sweet, willing pussy. It was heaven.

"Yes, yes, yes," she chanted as she squeezed my cock.

"You're going to come, aren't you?" I reached around her and stroked her clit, using gentle, up-and-down strokes. It was hard like a pebble beneath my fingers.

She cried out, her pussy tightened, and she found her words.

"I am. Yes—I think."

I stroked her a little harder, fucked her a little faster and nibbled along her shoulder. I saw goose bumps blossom along her soft skin. And then she was babbling, "May I? May I, Sir?"

I thought I'd shoot my load right there.

"Yes," I said. "Good girl. Come for me."

She came, squirting like nothing I'd ever seen. A flood of her juice escaped her cunt as her orgasm hit her hard. Her body shook like she was being electrocuted. I held her hip, held her hair and focused on not coming until her waves of intense pleasure passed.

When she stilled slightly, I pulled out of her and demanded, "Turn around."

She turned to face me, palms flat behind her against the wall.

I lifted one leg and draped it over my forearm. I stepped in close. I entered her again, thrusting softly at first, then harder and faster as I fucked her against the wall.

"We're going to have a lot of fun, you and me," I said.

Her eyes drifted shut briefly, but she wrested them open and stared at me.

"A club of two. Private. After the book club."

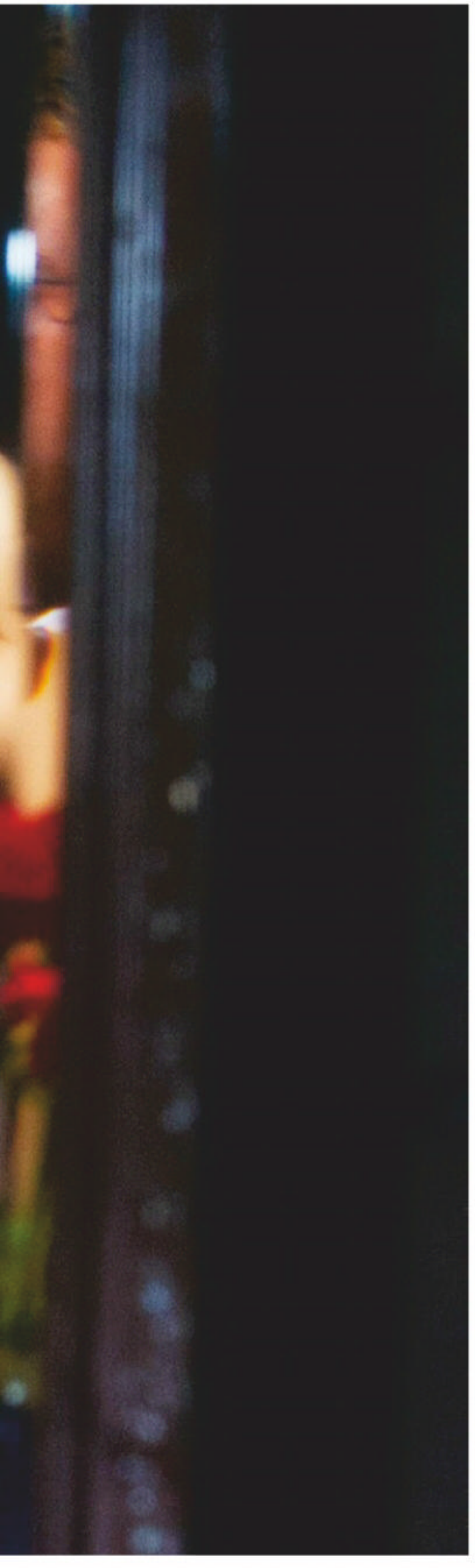
I found her clit with my thumb and pressed it as I fucked her.

My orgasm hit me hard and sudden. My body turned to stone as my cock let loose and filled her up.

"Yes!" she said, remembering to answer this time.

I can't wait for our next private club meeting.

–K.C., via email



Spellbound

With a storm rattling outside, two inventive lovers bring to life a magical fantasy.

By Taylor Forbes

Chad's night had finally arrived. I watched him come into our home with the basket. It was brimming, and his eyes were shining. Beneath my murky frock and simple makeup, I felt my pussy pound. The tempo matched my thumping heart, which seemed to echo in my ears.

I watched him come toward me. His face was ecstatic. He waited for this every year. Chad is spellbound by Halloween and can't wait for me to be his witch.

I stood there with my hands open, palms up. My hair was teased as if I were a feral maiden who lived into the woods. I'd even placed a few twigs and leaves in there for effect.

Every year I perfected her a little more. My witch. Chad's witch.

He wasn't into sleek, chic TV witches or the ones from horror novels. No nice witches for him. But equally, no hags.

No, his favorites were the witches from history books. The ones who were women of nature and power. Those who were nobody's fool—and wickedly smart.

My feet were bare, and my face was adorned with a minimum of makeup. A blush of beet juice on my lips. A fine amount of mascara to make my blue eyes stand out.

My dress was muddy brown with white accents. A petticoat, an apron, tattered cuffs and two buttons at the bodice. A frayed ribbon was tied in my hair.

He was barely breathing as he approached. He knelt before me, took my hand hesitantly and pushed his mouth to it. His lips pressed against my flesh. He wore plain brown breeches, an off-white shirt—and that was it. No shoes. No cap. A plain country boy coming to beg the attention of a witch.

I twitched my fingers against his lips, and he parted them. I ran my fingertip along his tongue, and he sucked it. The sensation went from my finger to my cunt like a bolt of magical electricity.

We'd gotten lucky. Somehow, thunder had begun to rumble and a flash of lightning cut the sky outside. It had been a very warm day for October, and now the weather was cooling quickly. The changing atmosphere ramped up my excitement, and his as well, I was sure.

He seemed to tremble before me.

"What have you brought for me?" I asked imperiously.

He bowed his head, his blond hair falling forward over his brown eyes. He looked like a farmer boy, pleading mercy from the nature witch.

"Oil," he said.

I had to keep from smiling.

He took the bottle from his basket and put some of the liquid in his hands. He rubbed his palms together and started to stroke the tops of my feet. His fingers were long and very strong. I wanted to sit and make him massage them all over, but didn't want to break the spell. Instead, I fixed him with my most intense gaze and said, "Higher."

He moved his fingers up my ankles, rubbing, stroking and touching. He worked knots out of my flesh I hadn't known existed. With every inch he climbed, the wetness between my thighs grew heavier. I watched his cock stiffen in his pants and tried very hard not to think about how much I wanted his dick inside me.

He reached my knees, and I had to lock them to keep them from buckling. I swallowed a moan as he slid his hands up farther. They grazed the insides of my thighs and I trembled. He had his arms beneath my skirt, almost to his shoulders.

I looked down at him very sternly–I had to stay in character–then I gripped my skirt and hiked it up to my waist. That left him more room to navigate. It also exposed more of me. He licked his lips, his fingers digging into my skin.

He was waiting. Good. Just the way I wanted.

"Continue," I ordered.

His hands slid along my thighs, massaging the muscles there, then moved around to cup my ass. He dug into the meat of my cheeks, and heat flooded my flesh and face.

He held me there, his hands warm and strong.

Finally, internally, I buckled.

"Put your mouth on me, boy."

Color stained his cheeks, and he licked his lips. Then he rose to his knees and leaned forward. I clutched my skirt so hard my fingernails pressed into my palms. I did my best not to bump my hips forward to meet his mouth. I was supposed to be aloof and intimidating.

His tongue was heaven. I heard the rustle of fabric and knew he was fishing out his hard cock. That thought alone provoked a rush of juice from my pussy. He must have felt it–and tasted it–because he moaned. The vibrations shot through my sex. My clit pounded fiercely. I was lightheaded, horny and barely holding on to my persona.

I had to, though, because that's what got him off. That's what he waited for every night until October 31.

He parted my outer lips with his thumbs and brushed his warm tongue over my clitoris. He nudged it, swirling it repeatedly as I got closer to orgasm.

"Inside," I hissed. A command. An

order from his powerful goddess.

He nudged my wet slit with his tongue, moaned again, and then pushed two fingers inside my pussy. He knew what to do. He'd done it so many times. But this time he was pleasing the witch, giving her an offering.

He thrust his digits perfectly, stroking deep inside me. And when I was close—so fucking close—he sucked my clit. The sudden change and sense of pressure pushed me over the edge. I came with a gasp and a cry. I grabbed the back of his head roughly, anchoring him to me so I rode out each spasm, each flicker, against his wet, willing mouth.

He looked up at me eagerly, his face glossy wet.

I smiled at him and said nothing. I put my hand on his forehead and pushed him away. He landed on his back. Lying there, watching me.

His cock peeked out from his open fly.

"Take them off," I said, waving a finger at his pants.

As he watched, I hiked my skirt up high and stood over him. I stared down at him with wild hair and fierce eyes.

He shuddered as if in fear, but it wasn't. It was arousal. That I knew for sure.

I smirked at him.

"If you don't hurry up, you'll suffer my wrath."

His hands moved quickly. He pulled his pants down to his knees. His cock sprang up straight and hard.

I lowered myself onto him. I sank down on his thick cock and had to swallow my sigh of satisfaction. When he was deep, seated well within me, I started to rock. I sang out a string of nonsense words that sounded like nothing and everything. A spell, if you will.

He groaned, reaching up to grab my hips and slamming up from beneath me as I rode him to my liking.

I fell forward, putting my hands on either side of his head, and then I rocked against him, grinding my clit against his pelvis—feeling the friction and the heat of him. All the while, he gripped my hips tight and slammed up fast and hard like a good boy.

I leveled my gaze at him as I crept closer to coming again.

"Do not finish. Do not unleash your seed in me," I ordered him. "You do not get to finish. Not yet. Your offering is not done."

His eyes alight with anticipation and excitement, he nodded. He looked like a man in a fever or under—yes, indeed—a spell. I dropped a harsh kiss on his mouth and listened to him gasp. Then I sat back up, spine straight, as I rocked over him. I moved my hips faster, getting myself where I needed to be. All the while, I took him closer to the edge. But I ordered him, under penalty of magic, not to come.

"Mistress," he whispered. "Goddess."

I came, my body wracked with bliss.

"My orgasm sparked as a delicious spasm, and finally crested with a wave of pleasure."

I stopped moving, and he held my hips tightly and looked up at me, waiting.

"Offerings," I said. It wasn't a question.

I moved off him, and he scrambled to his basket as I climbed to my feet, combing back my mussed hair and holding my ragged dress in my hands.

He handed me a flower. I smelled it and then nodded, handing it back. I took off my apron and dropped it on the floor.

Eyes shiny, dick still hard and at attention, he stooped and gathered another stem. A bloom that was hot pink and top-heavy. Its head lolled lushly. The smell of it was sweet. I took the flower, inhaled, shucked my petticoat and let it drop.

By the time I had a fistful of flowers, I stood there naked, breathing hard and waiting, with my hair hanging around my shoulders.

He knelt before me, and I smiled and brushed his hair back. I cupped the back of his head and pulled him toward me. He wanted more. I wanted more. It was written all over his face and showed in his body language.

I pushed his mouth back to my pussy, and he immediately began to lap at me—licking and sucking and inhaling deeply as if the smell of us commingling was the finest perfume.

I bumped my hips forward, seeking more of his mouth.

His hands curled against the tops of my thighs, holding me still and wide. My head fell back as my pleasure grew. When I was about to come, I stopped him and stepped back.

Chad groaned. It was a low sound, a rough sound.

I walked to the sideboard and put the blooms onto a tray. I turned, then lay in the center of our vibrant rug and crooked a finger at him.

He moved over me eagerly and stared down. He didn't make a move without my word.

I took his handsome face in my hands and said, "You do not reach your peak without permission. Do you understand, boy?"

He nodded, the look on his face a mix of excitement and torture.

"The Earth elements are pleased with our coupling," I said, winging it. "Enter me."

He groaned, and the fine hair on the nape of my neck tingled. My nipples turned into small pebbles, and I sighed. I continued to hover on the edge of orgasm as his hand took a few swipes at his engorged shaft before he pushed his cock against my pussy.

He entered me slowly, as if I might bark a conflicting order at any second.

The room strobed with the storm's lightning. Rain pounded the roof as he fucked me with slow, even thrusts, using the perfect rhythm as if we were fucking in time to really good music.

I hooked my ankles behind his back, urging him deeper. He sighed against my throat and then nipped me. My stomach trembled with the rush of adrenaline and arousal.

I squeezed my internal muscles and rose to take as much of him as I could. The pleasure swirled through me, my face hot and my body flushed.

He pressed his mouth to mine, his tongue sliding everywhere. He grabbed my hip roughly and squeezed as a sparkle of pain shot through me. My orgasm flared as a delicious spasm, and finally crested with a wave of pleasure that shook me like the storm outside shook our tiny house.

"Don't come, don't come, don't come," I chanted as I climaxed, holding his shoulders like a lifeline.

I could read his face; it was very difficult for him to keep his orgasm at bay, especially with my wet pussy gripping him and milking his cock.

He chewed his lower lip in concentration. I pushed him away roughly, and he toppled off me.

"Offerings," I said, finding my voice.

He went to his basket, his body slick with sweat. The storm rocked the house, and rain pelted the windows. He came back to me with herbs. Bay leaves and rosemary, and some others I couldn't quite place. He threaded a few branches through my hair, and I twisted my tresses up with some clips I found on an end table. I stood there and smiled at him.

"You please me, boy. Let me show you what pleasure is."

Once upon a time I'd have laughed at that dialogue, but I was just as into this game as Chad. My time as his witch was a lovely diversion, a celebration of fantasy and fucking.

I got down on my knees in front of him, and he made a greedy sound. I smelled the rosemary in my hair and felt the scratch of a leaf dangling from an errant lock. I leaned forward, inhaling deeply and taking in the scent of the herbs and our fucking. I let Chad feel the heat of my breath on his skin.

He was shaking like he was cold, but his skin was hot—nearly feverish—beneath my hands. I licked just the tip of him. I relished the gasp that erupted from him. Then I sucked the head of his cock into my mouth, swirling my tongue until his gasp turned into a strangled sound.

It was music to my witchy ears.

I took him as far into my throat as I could. I gagged slightly and heard him moan again. That was always a turn-on—as was the single tear that slid down my cheek.

Chad didn't dare touch me, but he drove into my willing mouth, developing his own rhythm. I breathed deeply through my nose, and I let my tongue slide up the back of his cock, caressing the thick vein that ran along his length. I slid my tongue over the cap of his cock before taking a breath as he thrust back into me.

When I could tell he was hovering at the edge—his breath, his body language, the tension in his muscles said he could come at any moment—I pushed back and looked up at him.

"Pigments," I demanded in my haughtiest, most authoritative tone.

He groaned, clearly wanting to keep fucking, surely wanting to let go and flood my mouth and throat.

I stared at him, and he quickly hung his head, blushing hotly.

He went back to his basket, his erect cock bouncing before him. I wanted it. I wanted him. I wanted him to take me and come inside me.

Outside, the thunder boomed and the windows rattled.

The pigments were last year's addition. Every year we've added a little thing. He returned and painted vivid stripes on my face with mineral cosmetics. Vibrant, shiny, demented and beautiful. He marked me and then stood back, panting, with his cock straining forward like a divining rod.

My newest addition was going to be a demand.

I stood, kissed him and tugged his hair until he whimpered. Then I looked him in the eye and said, "Take me like an animal. Mount me. Fuck me. Make me climax. Let me loose like the storm that shakes this house."

He gaped at me but nodded quickly. No face-to-face climax. No missionary.

"Take me, fuck me, pull my hair."

I went to the bed. The glow of candles and dim lamps illuminated our magical space. I got on the bed, looked over my shoulder and arranged myself on hands and knees.

"Come," I said.

He moved quickly, his muscular body tight, hard and gorgeous in the candlelight. He got behind me, grabbed my hips and squeezed them like he owned them. Arousal tumbled through my belly; my nipples grew tight and sensitive. I pushed back, presenting myself.

"Rut with me," I said, the moment the word sprang to my mind.

Always at some point in our game, I felt the power of her. This woman I'd created. And there was no doubt Chad felt her power, too.

He let out an animalistic huff and drove into me. His cock filled me and stretched me, and I pushed back to meet his thrusts. Every bump was a blissful shock.

I gripped the sheets in my fists as I slammed back against him. His fingertips dug into my skin, his breath was hot on my back. He grabbed my hair and tugged.

He groaned, and I demanded: "Come in me, come in me, come in me."

I squeezed him with my pussy muscles and felt heat and thumping pleasure sweep through me. He bucked hard against me, his hand spanning my lower back possessively.

I squeezed him again, pushing myself even closer to coming.

He bumped against me so hard that he drove me forward on the bed.

"I'm going to come," I told him.

Lighting flashed, and thunder shook us.

I came, my fingers swirling tight, little circles against my clit. I cried out, and the storm sang along with me, lashing the windows with waves of rain.

"You, now, you," I told my man.

He came, slamming against me and emptying into me. I felt the wet, sudden heat fill my cunt and the shudder of his body against mine.

Then he was draped across me, one arm looped under my belly, chuckling softly.

I laughed, too, and rolled to my side. He moved with me, and we were tangled together.

"Worth the wait?" I asked.

He grabbed my crazy hair and tugged me to him for a kiss.

"Magic," he whispered against my lips. "Pure magic."

"Halloween magic," I said.

"Witch magic," he corrected.

Top Gun

CHAD BRINGS LEIGH TO NEW HEIGHTS.

"THIS GUY IS ONE SHARP SHOOTER!"

—LEIGH

West Side

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I Was the Girl

Not only was the hot woman at the bar actually talking to me, she was flirting up a storm. I was doing my best just to keep up. This wasn't the sort of thing that happened to me every night. But Cait started out by giving her name, and then went even further by spelling it for me.

So I was vexed when someone sat on the other side of me, leaned over me and started talking to Cait. It quickly became apparent that the women knew each other when the intruder introduced herself as Kate—again, it was spelled out for me in an apparent attempt to avoid "Cait confusion."

I figured Kate was trying to cockblock me for some reason, and I was desperately trying to think of some way to get rid of her.

The two women traded knowing looks. Cait resumed her flirtatious talk, and surprisingly Kate joined in. Soon, they were murmuring promises to me, pressing closer and closer on either side. Hands touched my thighs, and they both leaned in close enough to brush their tits against me.

My cock was an iron bar in my pants. These two women *wanted* me. I couldn't believe my luck. They said they wanted to take me back to their place!

I was going to have a threeway with Cait and Kate!

They lived together in a loft a few blocks away. On the way there, my whole body was humming with excitement that skittered up and down my flesh. I wondered giddily if or how much the two women would lez it up when all three of us were rolling around together. Kate was as hot as Cait, and I wouldn't have minded watching them kiss and finger each other—and maybe even 69.

We entered the loft, and some insecure part of me was still waiting for this to turn out to be a joke. I wasn't a bad-looking guy, but I'd never gotten action like this before.

Quickly, they led me to their big bed. It looked like a stage, and on it we would enact a long-held fantasy of mine. Two women at the same time. It was the brass ring of sexual activities.

Kate and Cait started peeling off their clothing, while I stared dumbly a moment, watching all that bare skin come into view. It was beautiful and mesmerizing. It was a dream come true, for sure.

One of them giggled and said, "You get naked, too, babe."

I did so hurriedly. The women, both now nude, came to me and guided me up onto the broad bed. They laid me down on my back, and each lay alongside me.

By turns they kissed me, deep, probing lip-locks with lots of tongue. Desire uncurled in my gut, and warmth flowed through my limbs. They both licked the sides of my throat, and the sensation was fantastic. They moved further down, planting soft, wet kisses on my chest.

Then the women lifted their heads, gazing at each other.

Kate said in a husky voice, "She's got lovely tits, doesn't she?"

Cait answered, "I can't wait to fuck her."

"Don't get ahead of yourself, bro," Kate warned.

I blinked, confused. I knew well enough that gender wasn't as strict as it used to be, but what were these women talking about? I was quite certain they both had pussies. If they wanted to refer to themselves otherwise, that was fine with me. But I didn't have *tits*. I wasn't *she*.

"Uh," I started to say.

"What's wrong, girl?" asked Cait.

"Can't wait for us to start pounding your pussy?" said Kate.

I suddenly sat up and said, "Whoa! I think there's a misunderstanding here!"

At the same instant, both women reached for my cock. They gripped my shaft and pumped it with expert skill as they made cooing noises.

"There, isn't that better?" said one.

"She just needs her pussy stroked," said the other.

Pleasure flowed throughout my body. They wanted to call my cock a pussy? They wanted to call me a girl? I was having less of a problem with that with every passing second, especially considering how well they were manipulating my junk. But what did *they* want to be called?

"What are you two doing?" I asked in a shaky voice.

"We're two hot dudes who happen to like doing the same girl at the same time. If that's not cool with you, it's all right, of course," Cait replied.

They waited. But they were still caressing my cock and doing amazing things to it.

It was my cock (or my "pussy") that finally decided.

"I like it," I said.

Cait grinned at Kate and said, "I'm going to lick her pussy!" She scrambled down my body.

"I'm licking her next!" Kate said, biting her lip as her partner moved into place between my thighs. I lifted my head and watched Cait wrap her lips around my engorged cockhead. Her tongue swirled, and pleasure rocketed through me. It felt awesome.

If that was what getting my pussy eaten was like, I could more than live with it. Cait worked her way diligently down my hard shaft, swallowing me whole. She sucked me with gusto, flattening her cheeks and creating a firm suction. Her head bobbed up and down, and joy sang along my staff. Finally, she came up for air.

Now it was Kate's turn to blow me—or eat me, whichever way they wanted to name it. Whatever, she was just as talented a cocksucker as her roommate. She took me all the way on her first plunge, deep-throating me until her chin was against my balls.

Cait now assumed the cheerleading role.

"Yeah, man, get your tongue deep in that sweet cunt! She tastes like nectar!"

I tasted like nectar? Why not?

I rose up through the stages of excitement and arousal. Each new plateau was glorious. I savored the pleasures. However freaky some aspects of the scene might be, I still had my cock in these ladies' eager mouths that night. *That* was a milestone for me, a key episode in my sexual history.

Cait watched her friend closely, and when Kate finally raised her head from her work, I wondered if the two of them would kiss. I remembered wanting to see them perform lesbian acts.

"Both women reached for my cock. They gripped my shaft and pumped it with skill."

But if they kissed while inhabiting their male identities, would that mean I'd be seeing two guys kiss? Would that turn a woman on? Would that turn *me* on?

Borders had blurred. Everything felt ... fluid.

Kate said to me, "Can I fuck you now, babe? Are you ready for me?"

All I could do was nod, even though I wasn't 100 percent sure.

I was still lying on my back. Kate climbed up on me, took my cock in hand and readied to lower herself onto me. She dropped her pussy onto my staff.

Her slick interior gripped me, and pleasure radiated from my cock to every extremity. Kate rode up and down, her knees flexing.

Were these two wild women going to break out strap-ons and actually want to fuck me at some point? How far did they take this act? I wasn't even sure I wouldn't let them do that. Everything was in a wonderfully sexual whirl.

Cait straddled my face, and I eagerly stuck my tongue up into her streaming pussy. If anyone there tasted like nectar, it was her. I ate her hard while she ground down on me, telling me over and over how much she liked fucking my face with her cock.

Kate was bouncing wildly on me. By the way her body stiffened, she seemed to be on the brink of orgasm. Suddenly, her pussy clenched, and I heard her yowl. Her climax set me off, too. I went over the edge, spraying come up into her.

"I'm shooting my spunk into her!" Kate screamed.

At that moment, Cait pushed past the crest. She came hard, flooding my mouth with tasty pussy juice.

I was in a rapture of afterglow as the two women climbed off me. They snuggled against me on either side, and the moment felt warm, almost tender. I felt content in a whole new way.

"We're glad you wanted to play," one of them murmured. She didn't call me "babe" this time.

I was curious about what they called play, but I was hesitant to ask. Still, I'd enjoyed the blurred gender lines.

"Uh ... how far do you two take this?"

They both kissed me.

"As far as you want," said Cait.

I still had the image of strap-ons in my head.

In a shaky voice, I asked, "Would, um, you actually fuck me—like, with toys?"

"Oh, we could do *that*," Kate said

"We would love to do that," added Cait.

I asked, "Would you both wear fake cocks?"

"They'd be real to us," said Cait.

"And after a while they'd be real for you, too," remarked her friend.

My dick was stirring, and they were both aware of my new excitation. My pulse quickened, and my skin tingled.

"Would you fuck me from both ends?" I asked, my voice quivering.

"One cock in your mouth, one in your ass," said Kate. "We call that the spit-roast."

A moan escaped my lips. This was so alien to me; I'd never had desires like this before. I felt the need to say, "I'm not gay."

They giggled in unison, and Cait said, "Neither are we, babe."

Babe. Yes. I was the girl again, just like that. I told them to go put on their cocks.

When they had, I reached out from the bed and fondled those two plastic shafts, pretending they were the real deal. I called Cait and Kate "dudes" and "guys." I told them to fuck me—fuck me hard!

I'd never had anything up my ass before, but I learned the joys of anal penetration that night.

After a time, they were tag-teaming my ass. They kept up a steady spiel of dirty talk, never failing to refer to me as female. I liked it. I liked it so much that I came while one of them was fucking me.

That, of course, wasn't our only night together. I returned again and again, eventually wearing makeup and lingerie for them. They said I was the best lay they'd ever had. I was proud. I saw a great deal of Cait and Kate. And I was always the girl.

–T.T., via email

Lust in Space

“Having agreed on our scenario earlier, I eagerly ripped open Kendra’s blouse.”

My wife and I are both proud geeks. You name the convention, and we’ve probably gone at least once. Besides gaming—tabletop and digital—we also love to channel our creativity into some wild cosplay sex sessions with each other. Some guys have to beg their ladies to wear a space princess’s slave bikini or maybe even dress up in a sweet sailor outfit. But my wife rocks such attire on a regular basis!

Avery is talented, both as a seamstress and an actress, so she can pull off almost any wild role I dream up. She also loves surprising me on random nights with a new character or an outfit she came up with herself. Naturally, when it came time to celebrate our recent anniversary, we both wanted something big and memorable.

We enjoy an open marriage, so sometimes we’ll hook up with different people, but our cosplay-themed sex had always been just us.

“Babe,” Avery called out to me from her office. “Come in here.”

She motioned me over to the couch, where her laptop was open to an adult networking site.

“This is Kendra,” she said gleefully, showing me a photo of a gorgeous gal. “I know you like redheads as much as I do. She and I have been chatting.”

“Oh?” I felt excitement stirring within me already. “What are you cooking up?”

Avery giggled and said, “A very special anniversary surprise—and a unique one, too.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know that alien abduction fantasy we’ve been talking about?”

I nodded eagerly.

“Kendra is interested in being our federal agent. She’ll require lots and lots of probing.”

And just like that, my dick was rock-hard!

“Damn, baby! When?”

Avery giggled and unzipped my pants as she said, “This weekend, but right now, I have other plans.”

After a much-needed quickie on the carpet, Avery and I got to dreaming about and planning for our big sci-fi-themed anniversary fuckfest. We texted back and forth

with Kendra, going over every detail to make sure we were all on the same page, and we were.

Avery is five-foot-four with natural C-cups and gorgeous hazel eyes. For our big night, she procured a metallic silver, harness-style crotchless teddy with removable breast cups. She paired this with clear go-go boots. And for me, she made a matching pair of shorts with a cool space visor to go with it. I was the captain of our ship, but she was the commanding sex–er, science–officer and first mate. Yeah, I'm sure some of you are laughing at us–but don't knock it until you try it!

Once Saturday night rolled around, we got a text from Kendra that she was ready. She was dressed up in a black pantsuit and sunglasses, and had a fake federal agent ID badge. The way we decided to play it, Kendra was to go in our seemingly dark house to check on the residents who had reported seeing strange lights in the sky. Once she reached the hall, I "blinded" her with different colored flashlights to simulate the alien activity.

Our bedroom is a geek-friendly love nest. We have black lights by the closet and glow-in-the-dark stars up on the ceiling, and Avery made a silver cover to go on top of the duvet. We would have gone old-school with a metal exam table. But let's be honest, they're uncomfortable for fucking.

Anyway, once the flashing lights had overwhelmed her, Agent Kendra found herself on our tricked-out king-size bed. I aimed a fake stun gun at her, and without any fancy ropes or cuffs, Kendra pretended she was unable to move.

"You won't get away with this," she pouted.

"You don't have jurisdiction on this ship, Agent," Avery sneered, stroking Kendra's pretty red hair. "Let's see what this gorgeous earthling body can do." Fully in character, Avery nodded at me. "Take off the specimen's clothes."

Having agreed on our scenario earlier, I eagerly ripped open Kendra's blouse, letting the buttons scatter. Avery helped me get her pants off, while Kendra did a great job of writhing and moaning and protesting.

"Let me go–I promise, I won't tell anyone in Washington!"

Beneath her pantsuit, Kendra had chosen a plain, white bra-and-panty set–a no-nonsense contrast to Avery's kinky alien getup.

My wife caressed Kendra's face, pulled her in for a little kiss and said, "I think you'll find the hospitality up here is much better than back on Earth."

Both girls glanced over at me and smiled, and I knew that was my cue.

"Ship controls switch to autopilot."

I hit a button on my phone that simulated computerized noises.

"That's right," Avery said. "We don't want to be disturbed when there's a specimen this pretty." Her long, glittery fingernails peeled down Kendra's bra straps while they kissed again. "Stand at attention and observe," she said to me.

"Copy that."

My cock was already pitching a huge tent in my silver shorts. But seeing my sexy wife working her wiles on another hot babe made me want to blast off.

Avery took off Kendra's bra and made a show of pulling and pinching her nipples.

Kendra moaned and bit her lip.

Avery glanced over her shoulder at me and noted, "Hmm, these seem very responsive." She then took one of Kendra's nipples between her lips and tugged at the other with her fingers. She alternated the actions between the two until Kendra was flushed and desperate.

"Captain, bring me the wand probe," commanded Avery. "It's time to test her arousal."

That was my cue to hand over Avery's cordless wand vibrator. At first, my wife teased Kendra with the toy on low while her panties were still on.

"Oh, my God!" Kendra whimpered and squirmed.

Soon enough, a conspicuously moist spot began to appear on the white cotton.

"Hmm, I see some satisfactory progress here." Avery paused and teased Kendra's nipples again. Then she told me: "Remove her panties now."

I peeled away the cotton to reveal Kendra's flaming bush–complete with puffy pink lips that were swollen and glistening with arousal.

I watched again as my wife probed her lover's folds with the wand, almost empathizing with Kendra as I reached down to touch my growing bulge.

"Commander," I looked at Avery, "why don't you proceed with sampling her?"

Avery grinned at me, and even Kendra couldn't help but look pretty darn excited by the idea. "I think that's the next logical step, Captain."

Kendra spread her legs and gave up all pretense of fake resistance as Avery dove right in. She teased Kendra's outer lips with her tongue while trapping her clit between two fingers.

I love watching my wife eat pussy. The sight of her tongue dipping in and out of Kendra's wet hole as her thumb prodded the girl's clit was intoxicating.

"Oh, fuck! Don't stop!" Kendra cried out, squeezing her sensitive nipples.

"Time to quiet her down." Avery looked up and gave me a devilish smile. "Have her suck your dick while I work on plugging these holes down here."

Kendra licked her lips and opened wide for my cock, and with expert gag-reflex control, she swallowed my entire shaft. Careful to read her expression, we got into a little face-fucking rhythm. And while Avery looked on and enjoyed this, she lubed up a metal anal plug.

Kendra's eyes widened as Avery slid the plug inside her ass. But before I could even blink, my wife had donned her purple strap-on, too.

"I'm ready to sample this earthling's pussy, Captain." She wiggled the shaft at me.

I groaned as Kendra reached up to cup my balls while she kept sucking me.

"Proceed, baby."

Avery winked at me. It was OK to break character at that point. Nothing could kill our incredible buzz.

While Kendra continued to service my cock, I watched my wild wife remove the cups of her teddy and plunge the strap-on into Kendra's pussy.

I pulled away so Kendra could moan freely and enjoy the dual sensations Avery was providing. But our crafty agent

grabbed my dick and kept sucking, teasing the head and jerking me off in time to Avery's thrusts.

That lasted until I was about to burst. But the girls had other plans, so I pulled back and regrouped while they changed positions. Kendra and Avery made out freely and touched each other before both looked at me.

"I think I'm ready for more," Kendra said with a grin.

"She's the most eager earthling ever," amused Avery uttered, "and I've decided I want her ass."

"Mmm, it needs a good probing," Kendra said with another kiss to my wife.

"But I think you should get in here, too, honey. Let's share."

With Kendra in the middle, my wife and I sandwiched and double-penetrated our guest. Avery, who'd pulled out Kendra's butt plug, drilled her ass with the strap-on, while my straining erection finally got stuffed inside our playmate's slippery snatch.

When Kendra came, her whole body shook. While she recovered, it was my turn to tend to Avery, so I slid inside my wife's pussy. Eventually, Kendra joined us again by sitting on Avery's face and squirming with joy as my wife pleasured her.

However, after seeing how hard Kendra came, Avery decided she needed to try some double penetration for herself. She cleaned up the strap-on and had Kendra take her pussy—and finally gave me her ass!

"Lube up, baby," she told me.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

Avery nodded and winked at Kendra in a conspiratorial way.

"Yeah—you're both going to make me squirt tonight."

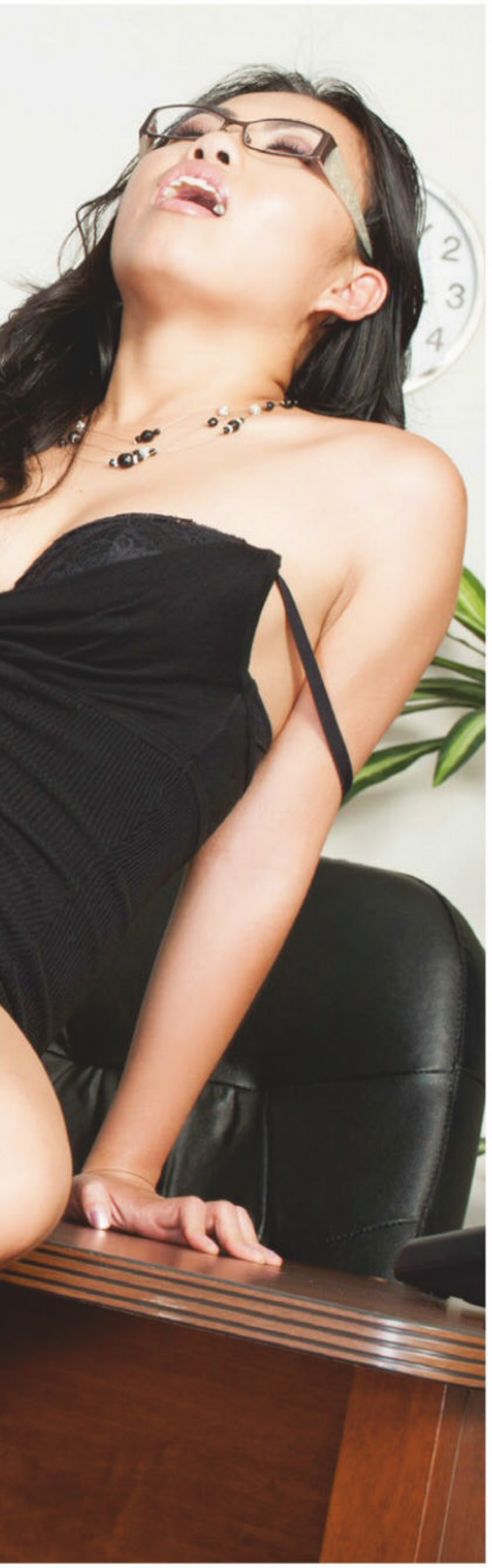
She rode Kendra cowgirl-style and leaned forward so I could pound her butt.

It didn't take long for Avery to soak the sheets, but once she caught her breath, I had two insatiable babes milking me dry. Mission complete!

The traditional present for a fifth wedding anniversary is wood, and that is precisely what my wife gave me!

The night was such a success that we are already planning more erotic interstellar travels in the future.

–T.Y., via email



Touched by a Stranger

Someone walked into the bathroom while I was in the shower, and I froze. I thought I'd locked the bathroom door, but apparently not

"Um—hello?" I said from behind the nearly opaque curtain.

I poked my head out and stared at the intruder, who was tall and burly—and wore a service uniform, along with a look of surprise.

"Jesus. Sorry! I didn't know—I mean, I didn't realize," he stammered, still standing in the doorway.

I tried to put on my boss face despite my wetness and nudity.

"Can I help you?"

I realized his hand was on his fly, so it seemed he'd been looking for a place to pee and unwittingly opened the door before hearing the shower.

I'd spent the morning crawling around on the floor installing some cables for new computer equipment and had been covered in dust and more. My office is a small, converted home, which means the bathroom has a shower. I was the only one in that day due to an office-wide case of the flu, and I'd forgotten to lock the front door.

"I needed a signature. But I needed to go, too. I deliver here."

"Often. Yes. I recognize you now. I'm a little busy. Can you use the washroom downstairs, and I'll be with you in a minute?"

He nodded, still dumbstruck, his hand still hovering near his fly. I had a brief but intense instant of wondering what was beneath that fly. I wondered what his cock was like. He was a cute one. I'd noticed him before. And I was single—and horny, to boot.

"Yes," was all he said. Then he hurried out like his ass was on fire.

I smiled, taking my time rinsing my soapy hair under the hot water. I made a snap decision that I would give it a go. I'd seduce the deliveryman.

I was excited.

Instead of sliding back into my jeans and tee, I wrapped a small white towel around me and another around my hair.

I took the steps slowly when I realized he was standing by my desk, watching me descend.

His eyes, brown and warm, did an unsubtle scan of my nearly nude body. His mouth turned into a small half-smile that showed potential. It turned me on. He seemed interested.

The chill in the house had my nipples pebbled so hard they ached. Between my legs, though, I was warm and wet.

"What can I do for you?"

"Do you want me to wait for you to get dressed?" He licked his lips, and my heart pounded.

"No. It's fine. I can take care of you first."

"Where is everyone?" He took a step toward me as he asked. I saw the hard line of his rigid cock beneath his zipper. He was horny. He was onboard.

"Sick. I'm here alone. And I was all dusty."

He nodded. He glanced at the office door near my desk.

"Locked," I said. "The interior doors auto-lock when they swing shut."

He moved another step closer and said, "You're really pretty."

I couldn't help but smile. My towel slipped just a bit. I let it.

"Thank you. You're really pretty, too." I read the name badge on his shirt. "Ken. I've seen you here before. Have you seen me?"

He nodded as if mesmerized and closed the gap with a final step.

"I've seen you."

"Have you? You sure?" I let the towel drop.

His eyes darted to the door again, and then he said, "You're sure it's locked?"

"A thousand percent."

He slid his hands along my hips and up over the curve of my waist. Finally, he cupped my tits in his hands. He stroked them gently, and when the nipples grew hard, he pinched them. I groaned softly, grabbed his firm ass and hauled him forward.

"Do you have a few minutes before you need that signature?"

"Yeah, it can wait," he said. Then he leaned in and kissed me—tentatively at first, then he found his courage and really laid one on me. His mouth was warm and hot, his tongue strong and urgent.

He wrapped his big arms around me, crushed me to him and deepened the kiss.

His hand slipped between my thighs, and he found my slit with a finger.

"Wet," he said.

I clenched my pussy around his questing digit and watched his eyes go wide.

"Soaked," I said.

I tugged him back with me as I headed toward my office chair. I sat down and spread my legs, beckoning.

He dropped to his knees and put his hands on the insides of my thighs. He licked a hot line up my inner thigh and I shivered, watching goose bumps rise along my skin like magic. He hovered over my mound and exhaled but didn't touch me. Then he licked from my thigh down to just above my knee.

"I'm dying here, Ken."

His body shook as he gave a chuckle. Then he latched his mouth onto my pussy and made up for lost time. He licked me with long sweeps of his tongue. He took me right to the edge of coming, and then switched to swirls that danced over my thumping clit. I grabbed ahold of his bulky shoulders and rose to meet his mouth. I was greedy. No apologies.

Every drag of his tongue was exquisite and left me close to coming but didn't quite get me there. He was doing it on purpose, and it was working.

Finally, I shoved my body up and begged him.

"Please, Ken. Give me a break. I'm dying here. I need—"

Before I could finish, he grabbed my hips and licked me fervently, buzzing his tongue over my clit until I came.

Then he straightened up, unbuckled his belt and shoved his pants down around his thighs. He grabbed the sides of the chair and tugged it until it rolled forward, with his cock positioned to enter me. I watched, amused, with my legs slung over the arms as he entered me. He slid the chair toward him and then gently pushed it away, using the motion to repeatedly enter me and withdraw.

He put his thumb on my clitoris and gave it a rub. When I sucked in a breath and moved eagerly, he did it again.

But that made him waver with the chair's rhythm. I batted his hand away, and he laughed. I rubbed my clit softly at first, then harder as he pulled me forward and pushed me back. Every time he was fully inside me, his cock brushed my G-spot.

"Again," I said.

He pushed me back and pulled me forward. Bingo. Right on the money.

My pussy grew tighter, and my body warmed. I played with my nipples and pinched them, then went back to rubbing my clit.

"Again," I said.

He did it once more.

He leaned forward and sucked my nipple into his mouth. Bit it. Then he went to the other—giving it attention, too. I groaned and moved toward him to get more.

He moved me like the tide of the ocean, and I stroked myself to orgasm. He sighed when I came, his pleasant face getting serious.

"Put me over the desk," I said. "Fuck me from behind."

I've never seen a man move that fast.

He stood back and kicked off his boots and his pants. He offered me his hand, and when I took it, he pulled me up, spun me and bent me over my desk. A pile of unopened mail sat next to my cell phone and my bottle of water. I could see my flushed face, my mussed hair and the look of satisfaction on my face reflected in the small vintage mirror I kept on my desk.

I spread my legs in a wide "V" as he took his big callused hands and stroked them over each ass cheek and then down the

back of each thigh. The fine hairs at the nape of my neck bristled as he touched me.

He stepped in close, slid his cock along my folds and trailed it over my clitoris until I bucked.

He grabbed my hips and squeezed. Then he drove into me quickly. That hard thrust rocked me and made me gasp. I was on my tiptoes, gripping my desktop as he took me. I was so wet that he slid into me effortlessly. He tugged me against him every time he drove forward.

My pussy gripped him, and the pleasure that hit me was exquisite. I squeezed a bit tighter, and he moaned. I slammed back against him, so wet I could hear the sounds of our coupling.

He groaned and smacked my ass hard. That sudden jolt of pain shocked me, making my cunt ripple around him.

"I felt that," he said breathlessly. Then he did it again.

The pain was fleeting, the pressure and arousal immense.

I forced myself back faster, and he increased his rhythm. Soon, his fingers were digging into me and we were inching my desk slowly forward.

"Jesus, I want you to come again," he said.

"I can do that."

I worked my hand beneath myself and pinched my clit. I moaned, and he slapped my ass again. The coupled sensations were amazing. Another pinch, and he smacked me once more

"You're getting tighter."

"I am," I agreed.

I pinched once, twice, three times, and he landed another smack.

"Once more," I moaned.

He delivered, and I pinched my tender little clit. That did it. I came, my face mashed against my appointment book.

Ken gave in to his urges, slamming into me and pounding me hard. He nudged his fingertip against my asshole, and I moaned. He liked that. I reared backward so he would take the hint. He did and pushed that finger in deep as he fucked me.

"Jesus," he said.

"Come on me, Ken. Come all over my back. Come all over my ass. You want to, don't you?"

Another moan, and I knew I was pushing him. I squeezed my pussy around him, and he grunted. I squeezed again, and he lost it, pushing one hand against the small of my back as he fucked me furiously.

He groaned suddenly and pulled free, and I felt the warmth of his load splash against my back and smiled with glee.

Once I got myself together, I stood. He handed me my damp towel.

"Signature?" I said.

He handed me the machine after he got his pants back on. I sighed and winked at him, then said, "I think I need another shower."

"See you next week," he said.

"I hope you do," I said and headed back to the bathroom.

–P.K., Chicago, Ill.

Have you had a torrid tryst? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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